

The Nation

VOL. XIV., No. 17.]
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1914.



FEB. 4, 1914

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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE Naval Crisis approaches the moment of decision, in so far as it can be settled without the verdict of Parliament. The Cabinet met on Thursday this week, and the expectation that it would sit on Friday also led to a general belief that it would deal fully with the estimates. The Friday meeting did not take place, and at the Thursday's meeting the Navy Estimates were not discussed at all. The definite decision of the Cabinet will not be arrived at until next week. Meanwhile there has been a sharpening of the newspaper war, and much speculation in the Conservative press on the disagreements in the Cabinet. The alarmists played their familiar trump card, by announcing in the "Daily Telegraph" that both the Sea Lords and the Civil Lords of the Admiralty would resign unless Mr. Churchill's demands were accepted by the Cabinet. This statement was promptly and formally denied in a communication from Mr. Churchill. For the rest, the Opposition press was chiefly busy in discussing which Minister led a majority of his colleagues. Nearly every Con-

servative paper knew the exact facts, on the high authority, and all their facts were different. The more judicious were content, like the "Times," to declare that the Prime Minister held the balance. Mr. Arthur Lee, in a highly official speech, went out of his way to promise Mr. Churchill the support of the Tory benches.

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THE subject has been discussed at nearly every political meeting. Ministers have, on the whole, been reticent, but Mr. Illingworth, in a guarded announcement, has been taken as accepting the Admiralty's standpoint, though his remarks are capable of another construction. After stating that "we are obliged to maintain a Navy sufficient and no more than sufficient for the protection of our own shores," which seemed definite enough, he went on to add that "over and above that," the Government is "responsible for the defence of the Dominions overseas." He omitted to discuss whether, in maintaining the superiority of the Navy in home waters, we are not also assuring our power the world over. Of meetings the most notable was a demonstration held in the City, under the chairmanship of Mr. F. W. Hirst, at which strong resolutions in favor of economy were passed almost with unanimity after speeches by Mr. D. A. Thomas and Sir John Brunner. The Executive of the League of Young Liberals has passed a resolution against any increase of the navy above the 60 per cent. margin.

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In a speech on the debate on the Address in the Dominion Parliament Mr. Borden has announced that he will not proceed with his naval policy until it has been approved at a General Election. It is on the failure of Canada to provide the three extra ships outside the 60 per cent. margin that the case for further increase is unanimously based in the Opposition press. The "Times," assuming that four ships of the normal programme will in any event be laid down next year, demands in addition either a "drastic acceleration" or the laying down of extra ships to balance the loss of the Canadians. On the other hand, the Treasury's standpoint is put forward in an evidently well-informed article in the "Daily Chronicle." It is there stated that as a result of "speeding-up," and of aviation and oil-storage innovations, the Naval Estimates of last year (£46,309,300) have been exceeded by nearly five millions. The demand for next year, owing to "automatic increases," is said to exceed last year's estimates by eight millions, so that the total demanded is something above fifty-two millions. This case makes no allowance for the extra "Canadian" ships, or for the Mediterranean extravagances as recently foreshadowed. The financial position is intolerable, apart altogether from the wilder demands of the extremists.

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THERE have been several speeches on the Irish question from Unionist leaders during the week. Mr. Walter Long, the Duke of Portland, and Lord Londonderry spoke with Sir Edward Carson at the Ulster Hall on Monday. The speeches were all uncompromising in tone, the most inflammatory perhaps being that of Mr. Walter Long, who, speaking of the possibility of

a collision with the Regular Army, described the volunteers as in no way inferior to the best army that England could put in the field. Sir Edward Carson, however, seemed to contemplate the possibility of further negotiations, though he said they would be useless unless Ulstermen kept the ancient rights their ancestors had won. This is a cryptic saying, for Sir Edward Carson will not pretend that the Protestants of Ulster wrung the Union out of anybody. All that Lecky could say was that "it found some honest support in the North." Mr. Austen Chamberlain, speaking at Southampton on Wednesday, criticized the Home Rule Bill on the ground that it gave Ireland such limited power that it would satisfy nobody. If the Government refused to appeal to the country, "Ulster, in the last resort, would save itself by its own right arm, and would save England by its example."

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On the other side, there has been a conciliatory speech by the Irish Secretary, who spoke at Batley on Tuesday. Mr. Birrell contended that it was idle to think of the Irish problem as a problem that could be settled by a General Election. Ireland would not abandon Home Rule if an election were against her, and if Ulster were ever to be treated tyrannically, a General Election ought not to reconcile her to that treatment. He recognized that the opposition in Ulster was sincere and serious in temper; the Government were prepared to meet in a friendly spirit reasonable or even unreasonable proposals if their tendency was to enable an Irish Parliament to be set up with a prospect of immediate success. Of the future success of Irish self-government he had no doubt. Mr. Herbert Samuel, speaking on Friday week in his constituency, said that the Government would lay before Parliament their proposals for setting up a Second Chamber. The hereditary peers would be eliminated, and the new Chamber would represent the general opinion of the country.

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THE methods of General Botha's Government have been successful in repressing a strike which never at any moment or in any district was genuine. By Saturday of last week it had practically collapsed, and on Thursday of this week it was formally declared at an end. The Government is, however, prolonging its exceptional measures, and thereby proving that its aim was not merely to deal with a crisis, but to crush trade unionism. Martial law remains in force, and under a censorship little can be learned of its working. A burgher is, however, known to have been shot in error by his own patrol. The wholesale arrest of labor leaders was continued all over the Commonwealth after the collapse of the strike, and the men arrested include Mr. Creswell, the leader of the Parliamentary Labor Party and also the Labor Member for Durban. Bail has been refused to Mr. Creswell, who is charged with publishing documents calculated to promote disaffection.

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ON Wednesday last 7,000 coal porters and carmen struck in London, bringing the transport of coal for commercial and household purposes practically to a standstill. A conference between the Porters' Unions and the Society of Coal Merchants resulted in concessions to the men's demands for higher pay, which the latter deemed unsatisfactory. The men, as is now customary, acted in advance of their executive, who, however, endorsed the strike when it had already spread over the metropolis. Though some of the large firms are endeavoring to supply coal by volunteer labor, it is

pretty evident that, unless some settlement takes place, grave inconvenience will occur in the supply of private houses, and even of the electric generating centres. There is the usual dispute upon the facts of the current wages, the merchants issuing statements showing averages for loaders and trolleymen amounting to about 45s. per week, with 28s. for carmen (supplemented by gratuities), the Porters' Union insisting that seasonal and other fluctuations bring down the average to a much lower figure.

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THE municipal elections at Dublin are a disappointment to Mr. Larkin's party, which had hoped to capture more than two seats, but this performance was better than the result might suggest, for they attacked fifteen seats, and their polls were in many cases very heavy. It is not easy to estimate the effect of the election on the strike, nor is it easy to understand how the fortunes of war flicker from day to day. Supplies from England have apparently ceased, and it is difficult to see how the strikers can hold their ground without help. It is apparently admitted that a number of strikers have returned to work—the figure is put at 1,500—but it is alleged that these men have returned on conditions sanctioned by Mr. Larkin, and that the employers have not succeeded in forcing their terms on them.

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THE dispute between the Blackburn Corporation and its workmen has taken a turn for the worse this week. Last week the Mayor stated that he would call a conference, and it was evident that this decision reflected the wishes of the ratepayers present at the town's meeting at which the decision was announced. Afterwards, unfortunately, the Mayor reconsidered his decision, and in place of summoning a conference, he issued a statement to the effect that the differences were too acute to admit of negotiation. The strike is, therefore, to go on, and strike-breakers have been introduced. The Burnley gasworkers have presented a demand for an increase of wages, and the Corporation has conceded half their demand. The general body of gasworkers will consider whether to accept this offer.

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PRESIDENT WILSON, having dealt with the reform of the tariff and currency laws, turns, in his latest message, to the hardest task of all, the control of trusts and great corporations. His present proposals are for the construction of legal machinery to be directed to breaking up or regulating tyrannous or monopolistic combinations. Interlocking directorates, such as were revealed in the Pujo Commission, are to be prohibited, an Inter-State Trade Commission is to be established "to act as a clearing house for information that would help businesses to conform to the law," and the Inter-State Commerce Commission is to have increased powers for regulating railway finance. The chief importance will no doubt attach to the Trade Commission, and to the inquisitorial powers which must be vested in it, if it is to check illegal actions in restraint of trade. The message has been favorably received in financial circles, where more immediate drastic action was evidently feared.

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ALBANIA is clearly in a dangerous condition of unrest, though some of the telegraphic news is manifestly exaggerated. A fratricidal war is going on between the northern party, consisting of the great feudal chiefs, all Moslems, and to some degree pro-Turkish, and the more advanced and civilized South. The South, where Moslems and Christians work well together, is popular in its politics, and has been talking of expropriating the

great landlords. Essad Pasha, at the head of the North, is said to have taken the town of Elbasan from the South; but the confusion is inextricable, for while Essad is said to have recognized the Prince of Wied, who was the candidate of the (mainly southern) Provisional Government, its head, Ismail Kemal Bey, is accused of intriguing with the Young Turks to bring in a Moslem prince. To add to these difficulties, though the Greek Army is evacuating Lower Albania, formidable Greek bands remain. The Dutch officers of the new Albanian gendarmerie are doing well, and the confusion may clear up if and when the Prince of Wied arrives. Albania is backward and chaotic, but it presents a spectacle no whit more discouraging than did Greece during her struggle for independence.

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A CONFERENCE was held at the Mansion House on Monday to consider the expediency of establishing a national fund for the relief of distress arising from fatal accidents in coal mines. The case for such a fund was put by Sir Lees Knowles and Mr. Brace, but the conference adopted an amendment, proposed by Mr. Darlington, Chairman of the Central Association of Miners' Permanent Relief Societies, recommending the appointment of a committee to consider the proposal. Mr. Darlington thought that the Relief Societies would suffer, and Lord Derby was afraid that the public would be less ready to subscribe in times of great accidents. Mr. Brace laid stress on the need for greater attention to the victims of single accidents, who had as strong a claim as the sufferers in those disasters that excited public compassion. The annual Home Office Return issued last week shows that 1,742 lives were lost in coal mines in 1913, as compared with 1,276 in the previous year. More than 600 deaths were due to falls of ground, 90 to shaft accidents, and 400 to miscellaneous causes.

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MR. JESSE COLLINGS has decided to follow his leader into retirement. The violent shock of 1886, which merely gave a new direction to Mr. Chamberlain's genius, may be said to have eclipsed Mr. Collings's career. His heart was in the cause of the agricultural laborer, and his book on "Land Reform" showed how passionately the wrongs of the peasant class, from which he was proud to have sprung, had burnt into his mind. It was his Small Holdings amendment to the Address in 1886 that turned out Lord Salisbury's Government. The debate on that Address brought Mr. Chamberlain into battle with Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen; and Mr. Gladstone, who had been watching the platform encounters of his colleagues, for the first time declared his formal adhesion to Mr. Chamberlain's policy. The agricultural laborer had just been enfranchised, and everything promised well for a great land campaign. Then came Ireland, coercion, Imperialism, and war, and Mr. Collings, whose heart was still warm to his old cause, found himself a Minister in a Government that was entirely out of sympathy with his ideas. A worthless Act was put on the Statute-book, and Mr. Collings was sent to give what help he could to the agricultural laborer at the Home Office.

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THE final meeting of the International Conference on the Safety of Life at Sea was held on Tuesday, and the several representatives of the countries who sent delegates put their signatures to an important convention. Lord Mersey gave a summary of the recommendations that will be incorporated, and it is clear that they go very much further than our Board of Trade regulations or the reports of the Committees set up by that Department.

It is proposed that there shall be an ice and derelict patrol, conducted on behalf of the signatory Powers by the United States Government, to watch the West Atlantic and give warning. The adoption of a wireless system is to be made compulsory in all vessels on international voyages if they have fifty persons or more on board. All ships must carry lifeboats, or their equivalents, sufficient for all persons on board. Important recommendations are made on the subject of construction, the effective lighting of boat decks, and the carrying of Morse signal lamps. Mr. Buxton, in congratulating the Conference on its work, made the welcome announcement that another Conference was to be held on the question of the load line.

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THE death of Lord Strathcona, in his ninety-fourth year, has removed the greatest of the Scotsmen who have played so important a part in the making of Canada upon its business side. After a long, adventurous, but inconspicuous apprenticeship in various outlying posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, Mr. Smith came into prominence first as an Acting-Commissioner of the North West in the Riel rebellion, in the settlement of which he played a conspicuous part. An original member of the first executive of the North-West Provinces, he early became imbued with the importance, economic and political, of that great country, and threw his whole energy and fortune into the promotion of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Late in life he received public recognition in this country, being appointed High Commissioner in 1896, and being raised next year to the peerage. Out of his ample fortune he made great contributions to many educational and other charitable objects, his donations to McGill University alone amounting to several hundred thousand pounds.

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WITHIN one week French democracy has lost two men whose courage and intelligence were typical of the moral force of the "intellectuals" who lead it. Than General Picquart and Francis de Pressensé no two men played a nobler part in the testing crisis of the Dreyfus case, and without them it could hardly have ended, as it did, in the triumphant vindication of French justice. Colonel Picquart (as he then was), the youngest soldier of his rank, and perhaps the ablest, acquired the certainty on the Staff that his colleagues had pursued their victim by forgery. He boldly told the truth, at the cost, first, of imprisonment, and then of ostracism. His declaration as he went to his cell, that if his body were found with a razor or a rope beside it (as had happened to two former prisoners), the case would be one not of suicide but of murder, lives in the memory as an evidence of the passions which the Affair inspired.

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M. DE PRESSENSE came of an old Protestant family, and began life in the diplomatic service before he was called to the responsible work of writing the daily foreign leader in the "Temps." His acquaintance with English and Near Eastern problems was particularly intimate. He did much to foster Anglo-French understanding and to champion the cause of the Armenians. The Dreyfus case made him a man of action. He left the "Temps," battled as one of the brilliant staff of the "Aurore," and presently joined the Socialist Party, and entered the Chamber as one of its deputies. His writing, always impressive, gained a new force and fire with his espousal of a theory which turned him from commentator into missionary. The real contribution of both men to their age lay in the sacrifice which each made for a disinterested cause.

Politics and Affairs.

A NAVY WITH HONOR.

IT is always well in any controversy to recognize the adroitness of an adversary. In this naval controversy our adversaries have been extremely adroit. Whatever happens they cannot wholly lose. Year after year there takes place upon the Estimates a familiar struggle between the extremists and the economists, and the event is always that the Estimates increase. The cost of the Navy stood, before the panic of 1909, at the high figure of 35 millions. It had risen by last year to over 46 millions. It is here that the adroitness of the adversary is displayed. He talks of his opponents as the "Little Navy School," although while in office they have made increases at a pace and on a ratio unparalleled in British history. He accuses us, even when he writes soberly, of proposing to decrease naval expenditure. It is not, indeed, a libel which we resent. By one means or another, we must in the long run contrive to lower it, on pain of accepting bankruptcy in all our policies of social reform. But the battle this year, and the whole battle, is whether a definite pledge for a large reduction next year can be secured which will bring down the Estimates for that year to something like those for the year just closing. A mere pledge by the Admiralty to this effect will not satisfy the party or the country. We remember that a similar pledge by Mr. McKenna in 1909 was followed by a large increase under Mr. Churchill in 1910. We should consider such a pledge quite ineffective unless it were given by the Prime Minister himself, and unless the certainty of its being kept were demonstrated by a definite statement on the part of the First Lord of the Admiralty, committing him to specific economies and reductions which would inevitably result in its fulfilment. As things stand, ships have been laid down; contracts must be fulfilled; wages must be paid; and when the cost of all the accelerations and experiments on which Mr. Churchill embarked in the current year have been met, it will be found, we believe, as the "Daily Chronicle" states, that the Estimates for last year will have been exceeded. The country is already pledged far above that figure. The question of to-day is to make such provision as will secure a reduction for to-morrow.

When we approach this question in detail, we meet an enemy entrenched behind two advanced parallels, with a "last ditch" in his rear. But his last ditch already marks an advance. Drive him back to that, and he has still won his increase—that "automatic" increase which always eludes the vigilance of the economists. His advanced positions betray a more formidable irruption. The more modest of them holds no secret. It is sketched out in Mr. Churchill's official programme. He has laid down his ratio of a 60 per cent. superiority over German building. Germany has on her side provided for a series of six years in a law to which she shows every intention of adhering. Her building (following the handy tables in Mr. Archibald Hurd's useful little handbook on "Our Navy") from 1912 onwards, provides for battle-ships and battle-cruisers year by year in this order—2, 3, 2, 2, 3, 2. Mr. Churchill's

proposed reply runs in the parallel series, 4, 5, 4, 4, 4, 4. A total of twenty-five capital ships answers a total of fourteen. This is not a ratio of sixteen to ten. On that basis our total ought to be, not twenty-five, but twenty-two and a fraction (22.4). Allowing ourselves the benefit of this fraction, it is clear that the proportion fixed by Mr. Churchill himself would be satisfied if our total were to be twenty-three. We built five ships last year, and three of them have been accelerated. The natural moment for a relaxation comes, therefore, this year, and the proposal of the economists to lay down not four, but two capital ships, while it revises Mr. Churchill's programme, carries out his ratio. When a Minister has said sixteen to ten, he ought not to mean twenty-five to fourteen. When he stipulates for a 60 per cent. margin, he ought not to provide 75 per cent—a margin which, as Mr. Hurd points out, takes no account of our Colonial ships. The case for laying down two ships, and two only, this year, has something to recommend it from the standpoint of the economist. But equally it answers Mr. Churchill's definition of safety, and to exceed it would be to infringe the common standard of honor.

Unfortunately, the conflict is not merely between those who would build four and those who would build two ships. The extremists have a demand above their four. Either we are actually to lay down a further three ships (making seven) or we are so to accelerate the building of the four so that they will be ready much before the normal term—a very costly proceeding. Only by so doing, it is said, can we meet our "whole-world requirements," assure the safety of our sea routes, and make good our position in the Mediterranean. We are to do this, it seems, because Canada has refused to do it for us. With this reasoning the 60 per cent. standard (already stretched by an elastic arithmetic) is frankly discarded, and while with one voice we invite Germany to proportional arrangements and to naval holidays, we declare with the other that no word binds us and no programme fetters us. We may build four ships, but equally we may build seven, and whatever we may do is right in our own eyes. Naked dishonor is capped by unintelligible strategy. When Lord Fisher concentrated our fighting fleet of new ships in home waters, he did so because war is best prevented by convincing the potential enemy that he will be destroyed by overwhelming force in the first engagements. To protect our commerce (and to damage his), we have our vast pre-Dreadnought fleet, our swift scout-cruisers, and our converted cruisers. If we (the superiors) concentrate, he (the weaker) must concentrate still more. In dominating the North Sea, we secure "the whole world" against the one Power which might conceivably attack us. We hold the exits of the Mediterranean, and can enter it at our leisure, to deal with an ally (if ally there were) after his principal has been defeated. "The sea," as the experts say, "is all one." Supremacy means not a local domination by a separate fleet in every sea, but power to destroy the enemy's main fleet. With two ships our needs are satisfied and our safety secured. With more than two we exceed the needs of safety, and the Power which does that has entered on a course of provocation.

ENGLAND AND ULSTER.

An impressive message was given to the people of Ulster on Monday last. It came from "the democracy of England." Naturally, the democracy chose for its envoy a tried and veteran tribune of the people, the hero of a hundred popular fights, the most impatient of all the enemies of the pretensions and the power of the privileged classes, the most uncompromising critic of the superstitions about the House of Lords, or the rule of the squires, or the advantages of private monopoly. It was, in fact, none other than that fine old demagogue, Mr. Walter Long, who travelled to Belfast as the ambassador of the English democracy, to tell the people of Ulster that "the people of England" were prepared "to back them" to whatever stress they might be driven, and not only with "the spoken word." He added, with the disposition to despise trained soldiers that is so characteristic of impulsive popular rebels whose minds run on barricades, and not sorry, doubtless, to give an ugly knock to conscription by the way, that the Ulster Volunteers were in no way inferior to the best army in the field. It is not surprising that the reports of several revolver shots in the streets during the meeting caused great excitement. Perhaps the outraged weavers from Keighley had already arrived, or the infuriated miners from North-West Durham wished to show how indignant they were at being asked to listen to Tory speeches against the Insurance Act while Ulster was burning. It turned out, however, that these shots were merely a welcome, with blank cartridge, to Mr. Walter Long, the Duke of Portland, Lord Londonderry, and the other representatives of the artizans and the laborers across the sea.

The comedy or melodrama—for the same performance will appear in either of these lights to different persons—has a serious significance. For it is a good epitome of the way in which the Opposition has treated this question from the beginning. They know perfectly well that this pretence that the English people are boiling over about the wrongs of Ulster is so hollow that it cannot stand the test of a single by-election. We do not mean merely that the cold facts and figures of the by-elections dispose of this belief. The by-elections provide far more damaging evidence than that. For everybody knows that, instead of asking the electors to vote on Ulster, the Unionist candidates spend most of their time in denouncing the Insurance Act, and in this they make it perfectly evident that they consider that that Act is more unpopular than Home Rule. Would such conduct be possible if the Opposition really believed that, for the first time for nearly two centuries, civil war had become a conceivable contingency, and that "the people" of England were resolved to foment it? The people of England, as the Opposition are well aware, are, in truth, much more interested in other questions, and Home Rule has ceased to be either a passion or a bogey. But the Opposition hope that by telling the Ulster people that the English people are beside themselves with fury—except at elections—and by telling England that the Ulster people are determined to be massacred, they will produce one day the crisis about which they feel, as Napoleon felt about the Pope, when

he said that if he had not existed, it would have been necessary to invent him.

We have never desired, as our readers know, that Home Rule should be a mere party triumph, or that anybody's feelings should be wounded, or that there should be a rigid and inflexible attitude towards ways and methods. We have welcomed and encouraged the advances of Liberal Ministers, and the proof that the Government desire to eliminate anything and everything that can be interpreted as oppressive or humiliating to the minority. We have welcomed similarly any suggestion from the other side that promised any hope of an accommodation. But both parties have their duties, and we should like to invite a moderate Unionist to consider what is the case for the nation against the Opposition. The Opposition tell us that civil war is on the horizon. It will be admitted that civil war is an evil of such a kind and degree that all parties owe it to the nation to exhaust the resources of statesmanship rather than inflict it upon their country, and that no party could be guilty of a worse treason than the party that regarded civil war, or the threat or civil war, as a means to its own ends. What part, then, have the Opposition taken towards averting this catastrophe? Their place in the working constitution does not absolve them from all responsibilities, or leave them the functions of mere resistance and protest. They are not like the Social Democrats in Germany, or like the Irish Party in the House of Commons during the days of coercion. So definite and recognized a place do they hold, that for some months in the year 1910 their representatives were in confidential conference with the leaders of the Government. All the habits, traditions, and life of politics invest them with a special importance and authority.

What, then, have they done since 1910 to save their country from the catastrophe that they consider imminent? What might they have done? During those years a Home Rule Bill has twice passed through the House of Commons. The Opposition tried to prevent it by speech and vote, and, of course, nobody questions their right to attempt to defeat it. But did that exhaust their duty? One can conceive circumstances under which it would. If a Government proposed a measure affecting people with red hair it would obviously be ridiculous for an Opposition to go about the country to discuss some alternative treatment of people who had red hair, and they would be justified in warning the Government that there was no case for legislating for red-haired people, that if the Bill passed the red-haired people would rise in just fury and a great many black and grey-haired people would rise in sympathy. But in this case we learn at the eleventh hour that the Opposition have ideas of their own, and that whereas they have fought the Bill on the hypothesis that there is no Irish problem, they recognize quite clearly that the Irish problem does exist. Lord Lansdowne talks of Federalism; so does Mr. Garvin. "The Quarterly Review," in an important article—an article that brings home the culpability of the Opposition very clearly—sketches a plan for a constitutional rearrangement which would obviously have deserved

consideration. Yet during the time that was obviously suitable for the discussion of methods and the exchange of ideas, the Opposition locked up their minds. The country heard nothing of any plans; the House of Commons, to which these men owe a very binding allegiance—for men who have held office and are going to hold office again cannot claim the licence of outlaws—heard nothing of them. "We will not have Home Rule, and if you pass this Bill there will be civil war." That was all that the Opposition contributed to the solution of a problem which they no longer dismiss as unreal, though behind this screen there were fermenting ideas and suggestions that might have been of value and help.

The able and interesting article in the "Quarterly," to which we have referred, gives a clue to the action of the Opposition. They would do nothing that recognized the Parliament Act. Let us see what this means. That the country gave the Government a mandate for the Parliament Bill nobody denies. The election of December, 1910, which reinstated the Government with an actual gain of seats, was decisive. The electorate, having thus done something that the Opposition could not forgive, is to be punished by the conversion of the Opposition from a Parliamentary party into a faction owning no responsibilities and renouncing no weapon, not even that of civil disorder. Hitherto politicians have lived in the spirit of Jeremy Taylor's saying: "We are in the world like men playing at tables; the chance is not in our power but to play it is; and when it is fallen, we must manage it as we can." That understanding is apparently gone. Lord Robert Cecil, who belongs to a class that punished not disorder but mild complaint with transportation when that class was in absolute power, seems from his speech last month to take a positive delight in disorder when that power appears to be passing to other hands. We begin now to understand why Mr. Walter Long was chosen as the bearer of the message from the democracy of England, for the message was simply this, that civil war is the natural penalty for the wickedness and folly of releasing the House of Commons from the veto of the House of Lords. That message, we do not doubt, is profoundly interesting to the people of Ulster. But its main significance is for an electorate nearer home.

FORCE AS A REMEDY.

THE employment of martial law for the suppression of a Labor movement seems to have been completely successful at its first experiment. The strike in South Africa everywhere is either collapsing or has already collapsed. The leaders are in prison. After a term of days they will be charged; for under the rule of martial law, imprisonment comes first, and trial afterwards. It is an impressive demonstration of the nature of modern constitutionalism—at least, it has impressed our own Imperialists at home, who begin to think that after all there may have been some excuse for allowing the Boers to regain power in South Africa, if, by doing so, they

were destined to teach the Briton a lesson in methods of dealing with any possible revolt of Labor. Already we have had requests addressed to the Prime Minister for inquiry into the conduct of trade disputes. So far, the object is to show, no doubt, that there is violence upon the side of the work-people. But against violence in the abstract there is no antipathy in the present mood of the governing classes of this country. It is all a matter of times and places, or rather, of persons and classes. What is allowable upon the part of Sir Edward Carson is ridiculous when done by a Suffragette, and infamous when imitated in the fiftieth degree by a workman on strike, or by some obscure pamphleteer who ventures, in the name of Christian principle, to appeal to common soldiers to think twice before shooting down their brothers. "All is relative" is a great lesson, which the well-to-do have taken thoroughly to heart. So, while applauding violence as it is used in South Africa for the suppression of a strike, we may expect redoubled denunciations of violence used in England on behalf of the striker.

Meanwhile, the apparent success of the South African Government goes to prove two points which will be present in the minds of the propertied classes in this country in every industrial crisis in the future. The first point is that it is far easier to paralyze an extensive strike movement by a well-aimed blow at the centre than might have been expected. It might have been thought that the strike having once been declared, the arrest of the leaders, and the consequent paralysis of the central machinery, would only have blocked the path of negotiation, and would have left the men out on strike prepared individually to continue to withhold their work—at any rate for a much longer time than they seem actually to have done. With this example in mind, whenever we are faced with a great national strike, like that of the railway dispute of 1911 or the miners' strike of 1912, we shall hear voices urging us to imitate General Botha, to break up the organization, to arrest the leaders, and to make meetings impossible. The inference will be that, if the policy is successfully carried out, the strike will melt away as that in South Africa has done. Whether this inference is a sound one, however, is a question which it will take further experience to decide. In this country we know very little about the concrete and material causes which led up to the strike movement. We do not know how extensive was the feeling of discontent, nor how deeply rooted was the determination to seek a remedy. The strike movement may have had a relatively firm or a relatively weak hold over the minds of the people. The probability is that it was weak rather than strong. Moreover a blow of this sort is far more successful when it comes as a surprise than when the party attacked has had warning beforehand. If all the circumstances were repeated, even in South Africa itself, we may assume that arrangements would be made for dispensing with the services of any particular set of leaders; a much more elaborate system of mutual understanding between the members of the Trade Unions would be required; and just as Social Democratic papers in Germany have to have two staffs, one to carry on the paper while the other

is in prison, so would it be with the Trade Union organization which the South African Government has set itself to suppress. On this head, therefore, we think the encouragement which the successful resort to force may yield to certain classes at home is in a measure delusive.

The second point is perhaps more serious. The action of the Botha Government is a demonstration of the ease with which the whole system of constitutional law, with its guarantee of certain fundamental liberties for British subjects, can be discarded by a few resolute men, who believe that they have the "directive classes" at their back. In this respect, conditions in England are perhaps not so different from those of South Africa as might be desired. It is true that it has long been our boast in this country to be, above all things, constitutional. The Englishman's respect for law has always been looked upon as the other side of his love of freedom—and, indeed, the two things cannot be divorced and yet live. But, however it be with freedom, to which, after all, all men are repeatedly unfaithful, and yet all men are permanently attached, the respect for law is not an attribute of English public life which an intelligent inquirer, who should limit his researches into English political manners of the present time or the last two or three years, would take to be very widespread or deeply rooted. Nothing indeed has been more remarkable among the political changes of our time than the passing away of the old principle that when the battle has once been fought to an end within the limits of the constitution, the ultimate decision, however unpalatable it might be, must be accepted by all parties. That tradition of English public life has gone. On all sides we hear the determination expressed to refuse obedience if the law is not such as to deserve it. The individual, the class, the party, the nation or section of the nation, which does not like the law, claims the right to run a ramrod through the law, to make its own law and live thereby.

If we analyse the causes which have led to this change, we think that they may be found, not so much in the action of those who, like the Suffragettes, are seeking new political rights, but far more in the temper of mind engendered in the classes which have long been the repositories of power, by the fear that, under the forms of the constitution, that power may be taken from them. All our constitutional lawyers have been drawn from these directing classes. All our constitutional maxims have been built up with their approval. The attitude of these classes to the general democratising of the constitution was not wholly unfriendly as long as they believed that they could tame democracy by admitting it. They were willing—at least the more liberal minds among them were willing—that their power should be tempered at the same time that its basis was enlarged. They conceived that the social order, as a whole, with all its immense inequalities in the distribution of property, would be in the main safer with the admission of all classes to at least a nominal voice in government, and therefore they preached, both to those classes while they were still knocking at the door, and also to members of their own body who were less liberal-minded or less confident of the future, the duty of maintaining the unbroken tradition of English loyalty to

law, order, and the forms of the constitution. Freedom must be broadened slowly down, but there was to be no going back upon precedent. But in the last few years, these people have seen freedom—or at least they have thought that they have seen it, which comes, for our purpose, to the same thing—broadening rather more rapidly than in the past, and they have begun to doubt whether they can tame democracy. The control of the machine may, they fear, be taken out of their hands. It is within the limits of possibility that there should arise a democratic party, and that it should control the State. With this fear in their minds, the directive classes, and those that speak for them, have become shaken in their view as to the virtues of the British Constitution and as to the supreme duty of political loyalty. Their conceptions of political obligation have undergone a change. They are not sure that force may not be a remedy, for the time may come when law and government, and all that belongs to constitutionalism, will be on the side of those classes whom in the past they have half feared and half patronized. As long as the constitution was in their hands, there was for them nothing so sacred as the constitution. Now that it threatens to pass out of their hands, their reverence for it is very greatly abated. They hold at present, or may think that they hold, certain methods of bringing out the reserves of organized force outside the law and constitution, and these reserves they will try rather than take a fall at the first bout with organized labor. It is in view of the danger created by this temper of mind that the probable effect of the success of triumphant illegality in South Africa is to be regretted by those who hope for order and continuity in the advance of British democracy.

UNIONIST LAND REFORM.

The Unionist Party are learning more about social reform from Mr. Lloyd George than they ever learnt from the author of "Sybil" or from the prophet of ransom. They are learning, too, at a pace that does credit alike to teacher and to scholar. Only three months ago they were taking Mr. Lloyd George to task for his proposals for relieving the difficulties of town tenants, and, in the manner of Lord Salisbury twenty years ago, warning him that he was interfering with freedom of contract, and that his proposals to help shopkeepers would have just the opposite effect. The October mood has suddenly disappeared, and the Unionist Party, eating all its objections to this kind of legislation—objections that were pressed with great vehemence during the debate on the Irish Town Tenants Act of 1906—announce their conversion to Mr. Lloyd George's view that legislation is required to protect the town tenants. Mr. Walter Long told the people of Holloway that the Unionist leaders—for he spoke for Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Bonar Law as well as for himself—recognized the need for legislation to give tenants reasonable security of tenure, reasonable compensation for improvements, and protection or relief from unreasonable covenants. To provide these benefits Mr. Long proposes the creation of a

tribunal on the model of the Wreck Commissioners' Court, presided over by a lawyer, with assessors of practical experience.

Here, then, is the first result of Mr. Lloyd George's urban campaign. The Opposition have assimilated part of his programme already, and, with the impatience of new converts, are demanding that that part of the programme shall be passed into law without delay. All this is to the good, but of course the relief of town tenants is only a part of the urban scheme, and the very success that has rewarded Mr. Lloyd George's preaching on this point tempts one to hope that, if they are left with the necessary leisure and freedom, the conversion of the Opposition to the rest of his programme is only a matter of time. We may yet see the Unionist leaders pressing for the rating of ground values, for a minimum wage in towns, and for the reforms that are necessary to enable towns to undertake housing and reconstruction, without paying blackmail to the landlords.

It is not, of course, only in regard to the towns that Mr. Lloyd George's propaganda has had a remarkable effect in opening men's minds. Last week there was published a little pamphlet in the form of notes on the Report of the Land Inquiry Committee. These notes have been put forward as "a valuable contribution to the land controversy" by a Conference at which delegates were present from a number of societies, all of them associated, in one way or another, with what we may call the employers' interests in land, among others the Surveyors' Institution, the Central Chamber of Agriculture, the Auctioneers' and Estate Agents' Union, the Farmers' Club, the National Farmers' Union, the Central Land Association, and the Land Agents' Society. This body criticizes the Report of the Land Inquiry Committee on various grounds. It complains, for example, of the composition of Mr. Lloyd George's Committee because it contained nobody with expert knowledge of rural conditions, and because of its members five were Members of Parliament and two were solicitors. Now, we have nothing to say against the gentlemen who produce this pamphlet; they represent opinions and experience to which respect must be paid and will be paid, and they put their case well and with moderation. But let us suppose that this investigation was not an investigation into land questions but an investigation, say, in the year 1830, into the conditions of employment in the factory or the mine. Two Committees study the subject. One is composed of politicians, members of Parliament, and lawyers; the other of mine-owners or factory owners, and the various professional bodies that have dealings with them. Would it be invidious to argue that the want of expert knowledge in one case might have been regarded as a less serious objection than the atmosphere of the other? We take 1830 because the agricultural laborer is in about as defenceless a position *vis-à-vis* his employer, so far as trade union strength is concerned, as the spinner or weaver at that time. If we were dealing with mines or factories to-day there would be another body to reckon with; a powerful trade union by means of which the men's views would find expression. In agriculture these conditions do not exist. A Land Conference is a body

representing all the agrarian interests except one, and that interest is the great body of the people employed in it. If we want to know why that is the case, we have to study the history of the dealings of certain classes represented at this Conference with the class they employed. All that we are concerned to point out is that a Committee representing Lord Londonderry and the other coal-owners and their expert advisers would have declared against any interference with the employment of children, and that half-a-dozen politicians might have known a good deal less about the subject at the start and yet have arrived at conclusions more satisfactory to the nation.

But the special associations and experiences of the delegates at this conference give particular importance to certain of their conclusions. Here is one: "As to the earnings of agricultural laborers, there are no two opinions. The broad fact is beyond controversy. The rate of cash wages paid in some agricultural districts is very low, and everyone is prepared to support any really sound measures which can be reasonably expected to affect a material rise." This is a very interesting and important pronouncement, coming as it does from the wage-paying interests. We have heard a great deal in the past about the grievances and difficulties of agriculture, about the necessity for relief from taxation, about the burden of rates, about the dread of legislation; but we do not recall any pronouncement to the effect that laborers' wages were too low. This is what Mr. Lloyd George has done by making the nation look first to the laborer, his wages, his home, his prospects, and the outlook and complexion of his life. He has brought it home to bodies of employers who have hitherto left the laborer to look after himself, while they have asked for boons from Parliament for themselves, that the low wages of agricultural laborers are a scandal, and that something must be done. They are opposed to Wages Boards, but they admit that the farmers and landlords cannot be left to raise wages themselves, and they ask for local commissions of inquiry with a view to the use of compulsion if it is found necessary later.

Then again, the notes published by the Land Conference find fault with Dr. Slater's admirable historical summary, but those responsible for them will perhaps pardon those who doubt whether some parts of their "valuable contribution to the land controversy" would have been put forward if the history of this question had never been written, as Dr. Slater first wrote it, with an eye on the population that suffered from enclosures. It is the revival of interest on this side of agrarian history that explains the appearance of that demand for common pasture, and for the reconstruction of a village society with some of the features and properties of the society that was swept away by that process. Liberals are often tempted to take pessimistic views of their own time, and disenchantments and disappointments are inevitable in politics as in everything else. But let anybody throw his mind back just ten years, and try to imagine landlords and farmers calling out for higher wages and common pasture, and he will understand that these years of Liberal propaganda have not been without effect.

Life and Letters.

BISHOP COLENSO.

THE centenary of Bishop Colenso should not pass without notice. "Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us," says the Son of Sirach. Colenso was a pioneer of the critical or scientific movement in English theology; and his positions, denounced by the Church of his time as heretical, are now the commonplace of the pulpit. The standpoint even of the "Record" and the "Guardian" is nearer that of Natal than that of Cape-town. The rear stands where the van stood. But temper goes for more than standpoint; and the temper of each is unchanged. Still the van is moved by reason and the rear by authority; still the one looks forward and the other back.

It is difficult for us to realize the incubus that the traditional doctrine of Biblical inspiration had become to Colenso's generation; it lay heavy not on theology only, but on religion and morals. When the massacres recorded in the Book of Joshua could suggest to so eminent a man as Newman the comment that, as the Hebrew tribesmen butchered the Canaanite population—"utterly destroying all that were in the city," the record tells us, "both men and women, both young and old, and ox and sheep and ass with the edge of the sword"—"doubtless their thoughts turned first to the sin of Adam, and next to that unseen world where all inequalities are righted," it may be imagined what state this nightmare took in lesser minds. It had become intolerable as the Papacy in the sixteenth century; at all costs, at whatever passing injury to faith or loss to piety, it had to be destroyed. The point of the Colenso controversy was the veracity of the Mosaic record. Was it, or was it not, fact? Had things, or had they not, taken place, as the writer described them? The answer was precise, and remains unshaken. The record was not fact; and the events had not taken place as described. It was like the melting of the ice in Northern waters; its fetters were broken, the kindly current flowed. Problems arose whose solution was urgent; but—spring had set in.

More than that of any other Englishman of his generation, Colenso's name is associated with this great service to religion and learning. That he reopened the suspended intercourse between English and Continental scholars is the weighty judgment of Cheyne; the dull reign of ignorance and insularity was at an end. Nor had his personal work, the criticism of the Hexateuch, to be revised: "annihilating" is Kuenen's epithet for it; there was no more to be said. Repetition being impossible, defamation served as a substitute. It was no new policy. "Ce ne sont pas les sentiments de M. Arnauld qui sont hérétiques," wrote Pascal of an earlier controversy. "Ce n'est que sa personne. Il n'est pas hérétique pour ce qu'il a dit ou écrit, mais surtout parce qu'il est M. Arnauld." We have, it may be hoped, grown, if not better, at least wiser; to-day the name of the famous Bishop of Natal takes its place on the roll of the worthies of the English Church. He was pastor as well as scholar. Stanley tells us of a saying of a Northern artisan: "I would go twenty miles to hear Colenso; he's so honest-like"; and a contemporary account of a service in his distant cathedral describes it as attended by "infidels, men who never entered a church before, working-men in their shirt-sleeves." It is difficult to believe it, but the words were intended to convey protest and disparagement. What would we not give to-day in London for a congregation of such men! His championship of the interests of the native races is a living memory in South Africa. From the first he was an opponent of Sir Bartle Frere's policy; and his advocacy of the claims of Langalibalele and Cetewayo caused him to be regarded in the colony and at home as the protector of the Zulus. Few Christian teachers have left a finer record; the sum of Christianity, of religion, is here.

The advance of this critical or scientific movement in theology and the departments of knowledge akin to it, has been unbroken. The traditionalists were right in

believing that this admission of scientific method was "as when one letteth out water"; their mistake was in thinking it possible that this method could be excluded, and the water kept in. An Oxford divine of the period used to boast that from the first he had opposed the Wolfian theory of the Homeric poems, because he foresaw that it would be extended to Scripture. It was; but the results have been other than he expected. The key was found, and the puzzle came together. What had been a confused mass of unrelated fragments was seen to be a connected and articulated whole. Religion is the stronger for the process: it has been purified, rationalized, spiritualized, raised morally and intellectually to a higher level. "Jérusalem est sortie plus brillante et plus belle du travail en apparence destructeur de la science moderne. Les pieux récits dont on berça notre enfance sont devenus, grâce à une saine interprétation, des hautes vérités; et c'est à nous qui voyons Israël dans sa réelle beauté, c'est à nous autres critiques, qu'il appartient vraiment de dire—*Stantes erunt pedes nostri in atrii tuis, Jerusalem.*"

It is not so much knowledge that the religious world lacks as courage. There are still very ignorant people among us—an Anglican clergyman assured the present writer only last week that no more than a small minority of the Welsh people was Nonconformist—but their influence would be insignificant had they not the support of those who know better, but are afraid to say what they know to be true. The clergy, in particular, are expected to be ignorant; or, if they are not, they must at least have the decency to pretend to be so. Men hold premisses, therefore, but refuse to draw the conclusion indicated by them; they know well enough the content of two, but, when they put two and two together, they make it five, or three, or (if they are advanced thinkers) four and a quarter; everything and anything but four. It is in vain. Things are what they are. Two and two are four, neither more nor less; if we do not make them so, the sum works out wrong.

At the present time a question lies before the English Church which will test her courage and her truthfulness. Timidity is the hereditary sin of episcopates; and the English bishops, in particular, are described by a medieval writer as "semper pavidi." It is easier to avoid than to meet difficulties; and, though the policy is neither inspired nor inspiring, nine times out of ten it can be adopted with no worse results than a certain loss of prestige. The tenth time it fails; and failure spells disaster. There is a point at which caution passes over into insincerity; and, for a Church, insincerity is the unpardonable sin. If the teacher's word cannot be trusted with regard to the seen, who will accept it with regard to the unseen? This is the rock upon which ignoble orthodoxies are broken; neither God nor man is served by a lie.

Again the challenge comes to us from Africa: its question, Is it true? is raised to-day at Kikuyu, as fifty years ago it was raised at Natal. It is improbable that there is a single bishop holding an English see who believes that Episcopacy, ancient and valuable as it is, is essential either to the existence of the Church or to the validity of the sacraments; it is improbable that there is one who would refuse to administer the communion to a member of a non-episcopal body, under circumstances such as those in which the Bishops of Mombasa and Uganda found themselves at Kikuyu. But it is improbable that, as a body, they will say out what they think and know. Reasons are never wanting for the practice of what theologians call "economy," for taking the low road rather than the high. Their first duty, it may seem, is to keep the Church together; and they are intimidated by the scarcely veiled threats of secession that have come from devout clergy, from zealous laymen, even from bishops of weight and name. Such a secession, were it to come about, would be a great, a very great, evil. But of the evils it is the part of prudence to choose the least.

In this case, both from the religious and the political standpoint, a decision of policy would be a blunder of the first magnitude. How long will it be possible by a policy of sops and doles and make-beliefs

to keep men from Rome who accept every Roman premiss? How long will the country tolerate an Establishment which sits looser and looser to the Protestant traditions of English religion? What will be the effect in the mission-field, and on sensible men at home, if the English Church stands sullenly apart from her sister Churches of the Reformation, and does so on grounds where futility is matter—since Lightfoot's famous Dissertation—not of opinion but of fact? The Episcopal form of Church government is one thing; and many a man, not himself an Episcopalian, has, like Milnwood in "Old Mortality," "no objection to a moderate Episcopacy." But, taken as a dogma, it is part and parcel of that medieval conception of religion described by the historian as "credible to the student in the cloister, credible to those whose thoughts are but echoes of tradition, but not credible to men of active and original vigor of understanding. Credible to the eccentric, the imaginative, the superstitious; credible to those who reason by sentiment and make syllogisms of their passions; it is incredible now and evermore to the sane and healthy intelligence which, in the long run, commands the mind of the world."

THE TROUBLE OF TOLERANCE.

A NEW world was suddenly revealed—a new half of this tiny star, a new universe of immeasurable space, new regions of immeasurable thought, new forms of pleasure, new objects of vital interest and delight. Truths that were regarded as eternal began to shake; beliefs unquestioned for centuries were questioned now; doctrines unchanging as the hills dissolved like dreams. Deeds that once stank as the sink of iniquity were welcomed for their sweet savor; deadly sins allured to strange adventure; reason appeared to countenance conduct once banished to the beasts. It all came within twenty years—well within half an average lifetime. A man lived as usual from day to day, and as the hours passed, the world was utterly transformed, the system that had seemed so permanent was rolled up like a garment, the ages that we label "Middle" or "Dark" were stowed away as trumpery outworn, and with an outburst of bewildering experiment the modern age began.

Of all virtues imposed upon a gracious and conservative spirit at such a moment, the most difficult to maintain must be tolerance. Such a spirit is peculiarly alive to the charm of the past, and apprehensive of the unknown. All that has existed long is recognized by it as charged with fine memories, or sanctified by the lives of forgotten generations, which built those customs as their homes, or lived at peace within them. It is bound by natural piety to the things which gave it birth, and associations of unconscious intimacy cast a glimmering beauty even over their unreason and grotesqueness. But sharp in front lies the untried, the unknown—harsh and dubious regions where "not a single memory blows from all the circle of the hills." There passion raves, and vulgarity intrudes; standards are debased, eternal laws defied, and the turbulent multitudes of children yet unborn are seen shaking their puny fists in the face of the stars and sun.

At such a moment in the world's history, Sir Thomas More came to manhood. He was of that gracious spirit, and, in spite of all communistic speculations, conservative in his graciousness. Yet as Mr. Robert Murray reminds us in the "Quarterly," though confronted by changes he did not understand, and by extravagances he abhorred, he managed throughout his best years to maintain that most difficult virtue of tolerance. Those who remember the "Utopia" will know that in the last chapter, "On the Religions of the Utopians," More tells us that King Utopus had conquered the country easily owing to the religious differences among the people, who, like most societies, were busily engaged in fighting each other rather than the enemy. Whereupon Utopus made a law that each man might be of what religion he pleased, and might endeavor to persuade others by argument, by

amicable and pleasant ways, but if any used reproaches or violence, he was banished or enslaved. Even to such tolerance there was, however, a limit which in our day would not be maintained:—

"Utopus, therefore," we read, "left men wholly to their liberty, that they might be free to believe as they should see cause; only he made a solemn and severe law against such as should so far degenerate from the dignity of human nature as to think that our souls died with our bodies, or that the world was governed by chance, without wise over-ruled Providence. For they all formerly believed that there was a state of rewards and punishments to the good and bad after this life; and they now look on those who think otherwise as scarce fit to be counted men, since they degrade so noble a being as the soul, and reckon it no better than a beast's."

These infidels were excluded from honors and offices of public trust, but were not otherwise punished or in any way persecuted. And it must be remembered that Milton, more than a century later, refused toleration to "popery and open superstition" as well as to "that which is impious or evil absolutely either against faith or manners." Locke excluded from tolerance "opinions contrary to human society," religious sects claiming peculiar privileges in civil concerns, and all who deny the being of God. Mill drew the limit of tolerance at acts that directly and immediately injure others than the doer of them. With opinions he allowed no interference, except by argument and persuasion. Lord Morley appears to admit that dissent from current opinions may be concealed (not suppressed) where it is likely to inflict "an intolerable kind or degree of mental pain," but he considers that the likelihood is becoming more and more rare.

With whatever limitations, More's doctrine of toleration was far in advance of his day, but when he came to be Lord Chancellor, it could not stand the exigent test of office. If time had not made him less gracious, the responsibility of office hardened the conservative side of his spirit. The age knew little of tolerance. Catholic and Elizabethan, Lutheran and Calvinist, all tortured, persecuted, and burnt with unhesitating conviction. Most of them would have defended persecution on the plea of the social or political evils bound to arise from the survival of Catholicism or the propagation of heresies. Certainly that was More's reason for official intolerance. Though he banished all lawyers from his Utopia, he was a lawyer himself, and retained a lawyer's exaggerated estimate of the sanctity enshrined in precedent and law. Being also a man of culture, like most "men of culture" he exaggerated the intrinsic beauty of order. In spite of his Utopian dreams, he dreaded the rough path of change, which alone could lead to their fulfilment. He shrank from the ugly gulf of lawlessness and anarchy which heresy appeared to open before his feet. That breach with a beautiful past—that breaking-up of recognized customs, beliefs, and morality—must be avoided, he thought, though heretics died by fire. Mr. Robert Murray quotes a passage from the "Confutation of Tyndale's Answer," in which, speaking of "evil books," More writes:—

"They have grown so fast and sprung up so thick, full of pestilent errors and pernicious heresies, that they have infected and killed, I fear me, more silly, simple souls than the famine of the dear years destroyed bodies."

Later in the same preface, writing of the "carbuncle" of pernicious opinions, he says that, if it is incurable, "then to the clean cutting out that part for infection of the remnant am I, by mine office, in virtue of mine oath, right especially bounden." Thus office makes cowards of us all, and in the true spirit of the official persecutor, More goes on to abuse Tyndale for compelling princes ("by occasion of the incurable and contagious pestilence" of his books) to punish heretics "according to justice by sore, painful death, both for example and for infection of others." In a reported conversation with his son-in-law, we recover a glimpse of his better nature, but at the same time we realize how deep and far-seeing were his apprehensions for the religious forms to which he so passionately clung:—

"Friend Roper," he said, "I pray God that some of us, high as we seem to sit upon the mountains,

treading heretics under our feet like ants, live not to see the day when we gladly would wish to be at league with them, to let them have their churches quietly to themselves, so that they would be contented to let us have ours quietly to ourselves."

"Treading heretics under our feet like ants"—in the case even of one of the gentlest and most reasonable of men, that is the result of setting limits and qualifications upon the tolerance of opinion! That is the extremity to which office could drive the author of "Utopia"! To obliterate the mournful picture, let us advance a short century to the time that he so clearly foresaw—a time when Catholics would have been glad enough to leave heretics quietly in their churches if only they themselves might be left quietly in their own. Writing in years when the defence or imitation of the Roman rites was almost as dangerous as heresy had been before, Sir Thomas Browne says:—

"At my Devotion I love to use the civility of my knee, my hat, and hand, with all these outward and sensible motions which may express or promote my invisible Devotion. I should violate my own arm rather than a Church; nor willingly deface the name of Saint or Martyr. At the sight of a Cross or Crucifix I can dispense with my hat, but scarce with the thought or memory of my Saviour. . . . I could never hear the Ave-Maria bell without an elevation; or think it a sufficient warrant, because they err in one circumstance, for me to err in all."

We suppose that no pleasanter example of sweet reasonableness in toleration is to be found in literature than that. It might be read aloud before every discussion on the Blasphemy Laws, and learning it by heart, the champions on both sides in the Kikuyu controversy might hope to mitigate the savagery of theological rage. Contrast with it the spirit of the sectarians condemned by Cromwell in his third speech to the Parliament, delivered not many years after Sir Thomas Browne had written: "Every Sect saith: 'Oh, give me liberty!' But give it him, and to his power he will not yield it to anybody else."

In speaking of toleration, we have been occupied all this time with religious opinions only. It is, indeed, significant that the word "toleration," when thus used by itself, generally suggests religion. The connection can hardly arise, we suppose, from a tolerance peculiar to religious controversy, though in discussion of matters so sacred, so indefinite, and difficult of proof, a certain gentleness and conciliatory spirit might reasonably be expected. To some it may be that, for these reasons, toleration in religion is the virtue's easiest form. Their trouble comes when, descending from the tranquil altitudes of spiritual beliefs or observances, they find themselves involved in the dust and clamor of political or social disputation. Here they feel the need for sweet reasonableness and Utopian consideration, and here they may perceive how difficult was even Sir Thomas More's toleration, how far beyond them still is Sir Thomas Browne's happier mood. For here they know the stir of bitter rage within them, and they suffer the claws of that cruel indignation which ceaselessly impels them to overthrow, destroy, and burn the enemy and the oppressor. Fifteen years ago, what toleration was possible between Dreyfusard and Anti-Dreyfusard, or between Imperialist and Pro-Boer? What, in the 'eighties, between Unionist and Home Ruler? Or, at the present time, what mine-owning Parliamentarian would tolerate a Syndicalist at his table; what Suffragist would sup with an "Anti" without instinctively looking round for a long spoon? It is true that "the amenities of our political life" are sometimes much admired, but the admiration usually comes from people who would not suffer a finger-ache or the loss of a dinner for any question in dispute, and it is doubtful how far the amenity goes below the circles where Party overshadows conviction. In regions where belief is vital, where the conflict is a matter of life and death, where, not a finger-ache or a dinner, but the whole of existence itself is given up to the triumph of a cause—in those regions alone can the actual combatants learn how arduous a matter toleration is; they alone have a right to decide how far it can be practised, and only there can we sincerely praise it when it is found.

THE EMERGENCE OF SAMUEL BUTLER.

THE posthumous career of Samuel Butler is an interesting example of the successful emergence of a great and serious thinker from the blighting reputation of a humorist. Although through the 'seventies and 'eighties of last century he was pouring forth a continuous current of profound and original criticism upon the new scientific and philosophical teaching which occupied the chief field of controversy, making at the same time his most fruitful excursions into art and literature, it would be safe to assert that, when he died in 1902, he was already to the vast majority of our reading public only the dim memory of a man who, thirty years before, had published a whimsical extravaganza called "Erewhon." Butler himself quite early recognized the awkward plight he was in virtue of this first literary success. For though intelligent readers now discover in the rollicking topsy-turvydom of "Erewhon" the germs of his deepest reflections upon life and thought, the form of the book permitted the readers of a generation before to pluck the merely superficial humor. So Butler had to spend three decades in a largely vain effort to rescue himself from the hampering fame of this frivolity. If he could have cast it off as a mere youthful indiscretion, and occupied himself henceforth in grave intellectualism, all might yet have gone well. But, unfortunately, these very germs of deep reflection which furnished the surface humor of "Erewhon," grew and multiplied until they became great and irrepressible factors in his philosophy.

Take, for example, the two "jest" which cling most persistently in the memory of light-hearted readers of "Erewhon," the notion that tools are but extra-corporeal limbs which man adds to his body and which may come to exercise a tyranny over their maker, and the analogy between disease and crime, dramatically heightened by reversal of their places in the social order. These laughter-provoking paradoxes are of the very staple of Butler's speculative science, and, what is more, one can now point to no better examples of the prophetic value of such speculations. For has not modern anthropology elaborated the complete history of the process by which man has substituted the easier way of inventing tools and adopting external materials to his purposes for the more troublesome way of evolving new organs and protective tissues? And is the latest struggle against the dominion of "capitalism" anything else in the last resort than the human endeavor to throw off the paralyzing dominion of machinery? Or, turning to the other instance, have we not in eugenics and the new criminology, a clear convergence towards an attitude of temper and of valuation in which disease and crime are scarcely distinguishable?

But we have no desire to assist further in the pretence that Samuel Butler was not a humorist. What we would rather insist upon is that such a humorist not only is, but must be, a most profitable thinker. For, as Mr. Desmond McCarthy well says in a fine appreciation written for the current "Quarterly Review," one of the essential virtues of a humorist is toleration—that is to say, he is the man who has no prejudices and keeps his head in the most heated controversies. Now, Butler came into maturity of mind at the very time when most of what are called the disturbing modern ideas in theology, science, art, and social thinking began their fermenting process. Most of us, to-day, have grown up in the atmosphere of evolution, religious scepticism, socialism; their formulae have gone to the moulding of our minds; we are enmeshed in their secondary implications. This makes it difficult for us to perceive the full significance of the larger thoughts which burst fresh and precipitate into the world of Samuel Butler. It is, of course, true that these thoughts were harshly challenged and fiercely combated by the guardians of the various orthodoxies. But this was precisely the opposition likely to be most fruitless. The objections raised by theologians and by defenders of vested intellectual interests, against the new doctrines of evolution in particular, were for the most part so perverse and so charged with emotion that they gravely impeded the just work of criticism. Now,

Butler, with his maxim, *surtout point de zèle*, brought exactly the mind, temper, and equipment adapted to put Darwinism and the evolutionary philosophy in general "to the question," and it is certain that his works, "Life and Habit," "Evolution Old and New," and "Unconscious Memory" will win recognition as the most important contributions of their time towards the criticism and rational restatement of the evolutionary conception, especially in its bearing upon man. And it is right to recognize that the peculiar quality which enabled Butler to do such work was his "humor." For the exquisite tact or sensibility, which is an ingredient of humor as of the "comic spirit," is largely, as Meredith showed, a quality of intellect. It involves that delicate power of discrimination alike in observation and in reasoning which, as it moves over the face of the universe, everywhere discloses its follies, inconsistencies, and fallacies. But this detective or critical faculty is always allied in true humor with the interpretative or imaginative faculty, the two being indeed not separate faculties at all, but merely aspects of the work which the great humorist performs as his contribution towards the ordering of thought. For nothing can be falser than the shallow prevalent notion of a humorist as a lord of misrule, an emotional anarchist who loves and lives merely to make and exhibit discrepancies, inconsistencies, contradictions.

This tolerant, original, freely humorous attitude can, of course, be directed towards more or less superficial levels, and can so generate lighter, easier modes of comedy. But all the greatest humorists find their natural material in the deeper currents of the thought and feeling of their age, the true springs of history, and it was the happy opportunity of Butler to live in an age unusually rich in rapid revolutionary thinking. His completely detached intellectualism led him to avoid the fatal snare of specialism, and enabled him to place on record a set of true and purely personal valuations of science, art, literature, and life, which are in themselves a complete treasury of criticism. We would venture to assert that if all the more orderly and consecutive works of Butler had completely perished, as indeed they nearly did, and there had remained only the volume, published a couple of years ago, entitled "Note-books," it would be possible to put together out of this single volume a truer and a fuller portrait of the inner life of the times in its relation to most of the important problems of human nature than could be found anywhere else. For the humorist must be a universalist. Nothing smaller than the whole of nature and humanity can be his province. He must be free to dart his illuminating genius here, there, and everywhere into the regions of religion, art, literature, social conduct, and into the most private recesses of the soul, with absolute liberty and with apparent caprice. By such a method, as readers of Butler are beginning to perceive, there may emerge a more consistent and a better-ordered view of life than can possibly proceed from any deliberately synthetic philosophy. Indeed, in Butler's writings, we can find an inner unstressed harmony, which is far more satisfactory, both for thought and feeling, than the formal system after which unhumorous philosophers are always striving. Mr. Desmond McCarthy very well illustrates this truly formative character of Butler's thought, feeling always after a healing unity in the numberless apparent breaches and contradictions and weaving the connective thoughts and formulas which relate the individual to the species in a real identity of life. Indeed, not merely does it bridge the chasm between man and the lower animals, but it recognizes the close continuity of interdependence between all parts of the organic world, directing shafts of speculation into a wider interpretation under which the barriers of organic and inorganic themselves disappear. Thus the living whole of the universe is illuminated and informed by a common will, plan, and purpose, working in closely analogous fashions through physical and spiritual laws. Such healing and restorative work may issue from the great modern humorist, and it is satisfactory to learn by many signs that the complete edition of his writings issued by Messrs. Fifield is gaining each year a wider and a more intelligent appreciation.

75, DEAN STREET.

THERE is a form of destructive vandalism which we could endure to see in England. We can imagine a society inflated with the pride and passion of creation which would show scant respect to ancient monuments and venerable buildings. Strong, and sure of itself, it would overthrow the old temples, knowing in its arrogant heart that it could build them again in forty days. The Italian Renaissance performed prodigies of vandalism. It cared no more for the old basilica of St. Peter's, with its rare memories of an elder Rome and primitive Christianity, than our modern builders cared for Crosby Hall. Reverence is a virtue becoming in the average man, and the lack of it makes clever men ridiculous. But it was not the ruling passion of the Titan Michael Angelo. A reverent Pope in those days might as well have turned Christian. There was something of the crude confidence of our contemporary Futurists in all the great constructive epochs. They cared less for what was done than for what they meant to do. They let the dead bury their dead. We should resent the activity of the house-breaker less if we had more faith in our architects. But it is no such creative ruthlessness as this which explains the sins of our generation towards its heritage. It is nothing but the dream of realizing the maximum profit to the square yard which makes us vandals. We have to-day no popes who dream of immortalizing themselves by building a new splendor where a gracious relic stood.

For our part, we give way to no mood of pessimism about contemporary architecture in London. There is more good work completed now in a year than in the whole arid stretch of the decades which divide the Regency from the closing years of last century. Some of it is a safe and tasteful revival of the old styles, but much of it is fresh, original, and daring. One need not speak only of buildings to which every eye does homage, like Westminster Cathedral, or the Gaiety Theatre, or the insurance buildings in Chancery Lane. Here and there, in a new street of vulgar offices and pretentious "blocks," like the desolation of mechanical ugliness that is growing up on either side of Kingsway, there is an exception which shows thought and courage. An honest eye, for example, finds a rare pleasure in the plain, flat surface of the "Kodak" warehouse in Kingsway. It is not a building, but the things beside it that look like buildings are elaborate lies. It looks like the thing which all its neighbors are, but dare not seem. It is an iron box, a framework of girders with a glass front. But it has proportions; it has simplicity; it is boldly utilitarian, and a spare touch of intentional grace completes it, where all around there is only plastered ornament and superfluous decoration which have no more relation to building and masonry than the sugar-coating of a wedding-cake. As one walks about the newer streets, one sees a fair number of buildings which have on them the stamp of an architect's thought. But they are dismally few in relation to the whole quantity of new work. The inference seems clear that our architects are, on the whole, far in advance of the general taste. It is an accident which causes good plans to be approved. The mass of wealthy men who pay for building do not yet demand a high standard. There is no general aptitude in criticism which recognizes good and condemns bad work. Our generation is nearer to finding its aesthetic salvation by another and humbler road. It is poor-spirited in its creative ambitions. But it has begun to be sensitive about the destruction of the good work of the past. It is developing a conservative conscience, and when that has once become sensitive, it will evolve a care for the future. It has saved 75, Dean Street to-day. To-morrow perhaps it will begin to think about the new buildings that are destined to rise beside and in front of the Georgian house that it has saved.

No one doubts that 75, Dean Street was worth saving, and the thanks of London are due for the achievement both to the "Times" and to the Office of Works. We do not know how the account of the "Times" stands in the recording angel's ledger, for comparatively little is known about the political bias of that compilation,

but the more its Conservatism takes the form of preserving old places and endangered beauties, the higher will it stand in the regard of the nation. In this old house there is a dignity in the proportions of the austere front and promise in the graceful portico, but it is the rich interior with the staircase that recalls a scene from Veronese, the painted ceiling, the carved wood-work, and the superb fire-place which make it a monument of Georgian pride and skill. To what an enviable world does it recall us, in which every house, even in humble middle-class streets, had, somewhere in its plain simplicity, a corner which had exercised invention, and proved the craftsman's cunning! Here it was a portico with its carved pillars of wood, there an oak mantelpiece where a disciplined fancy played; or, again, a cornice of a design which its owners would have called "chaste." It was a bewildering age. This Dean Street house sets us thinking of Hogarth, who led in it the life of a decidedly industrious apprentice. It is hard to reconcile the grossness of its manners, the brutality of its appetites, the boisterous Philistinism of its public tone, with the grace and dignity and minute perfection of its craftsmanship and its domestic architecture. The carvers and the turners, the carpenters and the masons who built these houses, were also the mob which could go rioting after Lord George Gordon, and drink itself into bestiality or fight with a sub-human ferocity in an election orgy. The training of the eye and hand which this gross age possessed could exist without refining the mind. It is as deplorably true that the greater refinement of mind and morals which our own age boasts can exist without influencing the eye. One notes with wondering envy the two old shop-fronts which still survive in Dean Street. The graceful lines of the windows and the delicacy of the carved ornament on the wood-work are a delight to the eye and a stimulus to the mind. These were the work of an age which hanged for peccadilloes, gloated on executions, and took its pleasure in cock-fights. Our own humane and sensitive age can do nothing to approach them. A double impulse urges us to preserve such things. Let us cherish what we cannot equal. Let us keep them as models before us, in the hope that one day the eye, which has preserved them to wonder at, may learn to rival them.

The glories of 75, Dean Street have been saved because, thanks to the policy of its owner, there were a few connoisseurs who had seen its marvellous interior. Its outside was no more admirable than that of countless Georgian houses which succumb all over the country to the house-breaker. The threatened house for which we are even more concerned is that gracious masterpiece by Inigo Jones in Great Queen Street. It has its authentic historical associations. A tablet links it with Boswell, and there are also memories of Sheridan. But these ties add little to its unique distinction. In all the waste of London streets, we can recall no house so beautiful. Age has treated it kindly, and nothing mars it, save an ugly tradesman's sign which could easily be removed. It is threatened for no reason save that a greater rent could be reaped by covering its site with a modern structure. Unless the Board of Works before long applies the salutary Act which enabled it to win a reprieve for the Dean Street house, it is only too likely to go the way of those superb old mansions of the same period in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which have fallen to make way for a great "block" of steel and concrete. There are many more famous and pretentious buildings which could be better spared than this little gem of domestic architecture. It is no nobleman's mansion. It rouses no ideas of pomp and parade. Its beauty is the triumph, at no great cost, of the will to make a comparatively small house a thing of grace and perfection. It appeals to us, moreover, not merely by its merits but by its vicissitudes. How much of Stuart building has survived in London streets? Little in the mass, and nothing at all that has the merit of this specimen.

But the catalogue of rare architectural treasures that are threatened is not soon exhausted. It is hard to believe, and yet it is dismally true, that the old houses in the Cloth Fair are actually under sentence. It is not a greedy landlord or a speculative builder who

has doomed them, but the City authorities themselves. To how many generations have those lofty gables, those overhanging eaves, those prominent casement windows, typified the old London of the century before the Fire? What is common in Shrewsbury or Ludlow is rare indeed in London. They stand, moreover, beside St. Bartholomew's Church, to complete its memorial to the spirit of English building. It is hard to believe all that a hard-hearted medical officer has said against them. They seem so solid and well-preserved; they have so little of the outer appearance of a slum; they still hold their gabled heads so high, in an evident Burgess respectability, that it is hard to believe that they are insanitary and a danger to health. Certainly it is impossible to believe that they cannot easily be made habitable by modern standards. But if the worst that could be said of them were true, if they ought no longer to be used as dwelling-houses, we are quite sure that a city not wholly devoid of imagination would none the less preserve them. We can imagine the joy which future generations of London school-children would draw from them, if they were to be bought for the common use of the County schools, furnished in the manner of their period, and used to illustrate the history lesson. It is a pleasant exercise to invent appropriate uses for old houses. But the first step is to preserve them. A nation which allows its streets to be swept of old memories, and resigns itself to the loss of familiar beauties, is making for itself a vulgar present and an arid future.

Short Studies.

THIS WAY TO THE ASYLUM.

A CHANCE word in a railway carriage started me on the investigation which now culminates in the writing of this paper. I do not pen it with a light heart, but from a morbid sense of duty.

I was travelling up to London from East Anglia. At the station of a county town, there entered my compartment a brisk, bright-eyed man of about fifty-five, who, seating himself opposite to me, lit an old briar pipe and took, from a small hand-bag which he was carrying, two pamphlets. Some three minutes after he had joined me, I chanced to notice a fine modern building standing on rising ground not far from the railway line, and I asked the stranger for what purpose the building had been erected. He replied that it was a new County Lunatic Asylum, with accommodation for many hundreds of inmates. I thanked him, and made some commonplace remark about the distressing increase in the proportion of our population requiring such treatment. "I wonder, sir," said I, "whether you have any theory as to the cause of this?" Judge of my astonishment when this excellent man removed his pipe from his mouth and replied, "I am in no doubt whatever as to the cause. You happen to be speaking to the principal medical officer of that Asylum. Drink, and the pressure of life in towns, and the dulness of life in the country, are predisposing factors which cannot be overlooked. But, in the main, I attribute the marked increase of recent years to pamphlets: pamphlets such as these"—with a downward glance at the two which he held in his hand. Anyone who knows me will believe that I laid down my book at once, and proceeded to follow up so promising a trail.

"This pamphlet," said he, "is issued by the Tariff Reform League. It endeavors to prove that the imposition of a tax upon any given article will at once lower the price which the purchaser pays for it and increase the price which the seller obtains for it. It is in the effort to grasp this reasoning that many simple souls have found themselves in my establishment"—waving his hand in the direction of the red-brick institution now some twenty miles behind us.

"But," pursued this remarkable man, "I notice that an even greater number of my patients have, con-

cealed upon their persons when they arrive at my place, copies of this little tract," and he handed to me "The Shakespeare Myth. By Sir Edward Durning-Lawrence, Bt. The Three Hundredth Thousand. Price One Penny." At this point the train slowed down and my companion prepared to alight. I asked him if I might keep the pamphlet, which as yet I had not opened. With ready courtesy, he assented, adding, "I confiscate copies every day from new comers, and have accumulated a larger stock than I know what to do with." And thus we parted.

* * * * *

I have now finished a careful perusal of the pamphlet. My uppermost feeling is one of gratitude to an All-seeing Providence that I am where I am. A sense of responsibility, however, oppresses me. This article is at once a thank-offering and a green light.

* * * * *

It appears, first, that Shakespeare did not write Shakespeare, and, secondly, that Bacon did. The way in which Sir Edward Durning-Lawrence establishes the truth of these two propositions is so powerful as to be almost paralysing. The witness of "The Tailor and Cutter" is extremely important as an introduction to the story. That blameless periodical of the clothing trade is doubtless to be purchased at bookstalls, but I only know it from occasional sunny extracts which appear in other newspapers, descriptive of the garments worn by statesmen and actors and royal personages. I am aware that the editor holds strong views on the subject of the trouser crease, the lapel, and other knotty points affecting man's dress. As applied to public life his criticisms have not been without value. But for an outspoken article of his in the spring of 1909, we might have witnessed the humiliating spectacle of Mr. Lloyd George introducing a Budget while wearing a frock coat (made in Criccieth), with a pleat in the back, so as to be adaptable at will either to Westminster or Walton Heath. But this is a digression. On March 9th, 1911, "The Tailor and Cutter" flew at higher game than a Chancellor of the Exchequer. On that day it delivered judgment on the Droeshout portrait of Shakespeare. It said, according to Sir Edward:—

"that the figure put for Shakespeare, in the 1623 Folio, was undoubtedly clothed in an impossible coat, composed of the back and front of the same left arm."

This is bad, but worse is to follow. Having once listened to a man armed with a tape and a flat piece of grey chalk, it is natural to rely on further witnesses of the same genus. Enter, therefore, the "Gentleman's Tailor Magazine." Of this organ of public opinion, I protest that I never heard until now. Yet in April, 1911, it had some pregnant criticism of Shakespeare which no true lover of literature can afford to ignore. *Apropos* of the same portrait of the person from Stratford-on-Avon, the "Gentleman's Tailor Magazine" wrote as follows:—

"The tunic, coat, or whatever the garment may have been called at the time, is so strangely illustrated that the right-hand side of the forepart is obviously the left-hand side of the backpart; and so gives a harlequin appearance to the figure, which it is not unnatural to assume was intentional, and done with express object and purpose."

"Anyhow, it is pretty safe to say that if a Referendum of the trade was taken on the question whether the two illustrations . . . represent the foreparts of the same garment, the polling would give an unanimous vote in the negative."

I would wish to remark, in passing, that I regard this as a final and conclusive argument against the adoption of the Referendum. If Shakespeare can be deposed at a stroke by a vote of the tailors of England, Chaucer might go as the result of a poll of the joiners and cabinet-makers, and a united effort on the part of the poultry fanciers might deprive us of Milton.

Fortified, however, by the opinion of these wielders of "th' abhorred shears," Sir Edward himself alludes to the famous portrait in terms of high contempt: "the stuffed and masked dummy"; "so stiff and wooden a figure"; "a ridiculous, putty-faced mask fixed upon a stuffed dummy clothed in a trick coat." He is especially scathing on the subject of poor Shakespeare's ear, "not

in the least resembling any possible human ear, because, instead of being hollowed, it is rounded out something like the back side of a shoe-horn." (Instinctively my hand goes up to my own ear.)

Sir Edward declares that "as the figure upon the title-page of the First Folio of the plays in 1623" is "doubly left-armed," this "disposes once and for all of any idea that the mighty plays were written by the drunken, illiterate clown of Stratford-on-Avon." Alas, poor Shakespeare! How art thou undone by this fatal combination of the Bloody Hand and "The Tailor and Cutter"!

Having cleared the ground of the Stratford Pre-tender, it remains to plant the plays on someone else. Why not Bacon? The evidence that Bacon wrote them is hardly less conclusive than the evidence that Shakespeare didn't. There are in Sir Edward's pamphlet facsimile reproductions of the title-pages of Bacon's "De Augmentis," and of his "Historia Regni Henrici Septimi." In the former, as Sir Edward shrewdly notes, there is "a mean man who appears to the careless observer to be running away with a third book," Bacon being seated at a table with his hand (prudently) placed on two other books. But what about this mean man who is absconding with the third volume? Who is he? By "a false breast" and "a goat skin," Sir Edward instantly recognizes him as an actor. Who wrote plays? Bacon. What actor stole them? Shakespeare. Q.E.D.

Take the other Bacon title-page, and let Sir Edward himself speak:—

"On the right of the engraving—the reader's left—upon the higher level, Francis Bacon stands in the garb of a philosopher with grand Rosicrucian rosettes upon his shoes. . . . On the 'left' side of the picture upon the lower level we see that the same Francis Bacon, who is now wearing *actor's boots*, is stopping the wheel with the shaft of a spear, which the 'left-handed' actor grasps (or shall we say 'shakes'). . . . He is likewise a shake-spur actor, as is shown by his wearing one spur only, which is upon his 'left' boot. . . . The reader cannot fail to remark how perpetually it is shown that everything connected with the plays is performed 'left-handedly,' that is, 'under-handedly,' and 'secretly in shadow.' . . . I may perhaps here state that I possess books which must have belonged to a distinguished Rosicrucian who was well acquainted with Bacon's *secreta*, and that in my library there is a specially printed copy of Baudoine's book in which this figure of Fame that is put for the Nemesis for Bacon, is purposely printed upside down: I do not mean bound upside down, but printed upside down, the printing on the back being reversed, and reading correctly. Other books which I possess have portions similarly purposefully printed upside down, to afford revelations of Bacon's authorship to those readers who are capable of understanding symbols."

What a fine picture this brings before our eyes of the scholar seated in his library! He knows the inner significance of the page printed upside down. His eye lights up at it, whereas you or I would merely say "Damn!" and send the volume back to the bookseller to be exchanged for an ordinary copy without symbolic embellishments.

Having in these and other ways established beyond all cavil that Bacon wrote Shakespeare, it seems almost a work of supererogation to go to the plays for proof of it. But Sir Edward insists on showing us how Bacon's authorship stands plainly attested in Shakespeare's writings.

"For reasons which it is not now necessary to discuss, Bacon selected as one of the keys to the mystery of the authorship of the various works the number 53."

Keep the number 53 well in your mind, and waste no time in wondering why 53 should have been chosen.

Pull down your priceless First Folio, and turn to page 53. (I have mislaid my own copy of the First Folio, and am therefore dependent on Sir Edward.) You will find yourself at the first scene of the Fourth Act of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," wherein Dame Quickly undoubtedly is made to say:—

"Hang-hog is Latten for Bacon, I warrant you."

Now let Sir Edward point the moral of this:—

"Observe that 'Bacon' is spelled with a capital 'B,' and also note that in this way we are told quite clearly that Hang-

hog means Bacon. In very numerous instances a hog with a halter (a rope with a slip knot) round its neck appears as part of some engraving in some book to which Bacon's name has not yet been publicly attached."

Yes, indeed; I myself remember such a book. The pages were backed with linen, and the pictures were a pleasing blaze of color. It was all about certain small pigs that went to market. There was no mention of the author's name, but now I know who wrote that favorite work of my childhood. I daresay my nurse falsely attributed it to Shakespeare, and this is the more likely because the hussy was a Warwickshire girl.

You may think, perhaps, that having once been let into the secret of the mystic 53, you can wander about unattended, and find more tell-tale passages for yourself. But there you are mistaken. You need Sir Edward with you at every step. The trouble is that 53 isn't always what you would suppose it to be. I mean that very often it is not 53. I had better, however, let Sir Edward explain this seeming paradox. He has a singular gift for lucid explanation. Hear him:—

"Most of my readers will not fail to perceive that the invisible page 53 must be the page that is 53, when we count not from the beginning, but from the end of the book of Tragedies, that is, from the end of the volume."

"The last page in the Folio is 399. This is falsely numbered 993, not by accident or by a misprint, but (as the great cryptographic book, by Gustavus Selenus ['The Man in the Moon'], published in 1624, will tell those who are able to read it) because 993 forms the word 'Baconus,' a signature of Bacon. Let me repeat that the last page of the Great Folio of the plays is page 399, and deducting 53 from 399 we obtain the number 346, which is

THE PAGE 53 FROM THE END."

And what about page 346 when you get to it? Well, it proves to be "The Tragedie of Anthony and Cleopatra." In one line upon that page the word "Pompey" occurs. In another line there is the word "in." Three lines lower comes the word "got." Note what the initial letters of those three words spell! PIG! "Which," as Sir Edward tersely remarks, "is what we were looking for."

If the reader has grasped these samples of the Baronet's argument which I have thus set out, he will not turn a hair when he reads in the chapter on "Bacon and the English language," that:—

"All writers are agreed that our language of to-day is founded on the English translation of the Bible and upon the plays of Shakespeare. Every word of these was undoubtedly written by or under the direction of Francis Bacon. . . . We mean the Bible of 1611, known as the Authorised Version. . . . In the preface, which is evidently written by Bacon. . . . Yes, the Bible and Shakespeare embody the language of the great master. . . . Thus Bacon worked. Thus his books, under all sorts of pseudonyms, appeared. No book of the Elizabethan age of any value proceeded from any source except from his workshop."

Pew! He must have been an industrious fellow, this Bacon! Fancy tossing off the Authorised Version of the Bible and Shakespeare's Plays in the rare intervals of leisure which he could snatch from his legal and official duties. And having to do it all in secret, too! Picture him locking up the roll-top desk every time he left the room, lest some wench with a duster should blow the gaff! With two such heavy tasks in hand, perhaps he used two desks, one marked "B," for Bible, and the other "S," for Shakespeare.

Through all the terrifying disclosure, Sir Edward keeps calm. He does not seem to be specially indebted to Mrs. Gallup, or Mrs. Pott, or Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, or any of the American tribe who first smelt out the Stratford imposture. He has looked into the matter for himself, bringing to it ripe scholarship, a master-mind, and, above all, a powerful imagination. He has sat patiently for years, turning books this way up and that way up, counting fifty-three from the beginning and, when that failed, fifty-three from the end: in short, doing all that a diligent baronet could do to disinter a stupendous secret after centuries of decent burial.

There is no boasting, however. In the early part of the pamphlet, Sir Edward says quite casually:—

"Bacon knew that much time must elapse before the world would begin to recognize how much he had done for its advancement, and there is considerable evidence that he fixed upon the year 1910, which is 287 years after the year 1623, in which the Folio edition of the immortal plays, known as Shakespeare's, first appeared."

And then, at the end of the tract, without any trumpeting of self, quietly and modestly he slips in this little sentence:—

"In 1910 appeared my own book, 'Bacon is Shakespeare,' which, placed in every library in the world, has carried everywhere the news of the decease of the myth."

Fancy Bacon hitting on the very year like that! What are the odds that he isn't also the author of Old Moore's Almanack?

"Some books," said Sir Edward's hero writing over his own name, "are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." To which I venture to add yet a fourth class: books which should not be carried on the person. I am travelling on the Great Eastern Railway to-morrow. If I were to meet that same agreeable man in the train, I would rather that no incriminating pamphlet fell by accident from my pocket. That risk, however, is past. I have burnt Sir Edward's tract, and in some strange way I feel more safe since I watched the friendly flames licking up its pages.

H.

Present-Day Problems.

THE MENACE OF MARTIAL LAW.

It is a graver injury for a Government to break a law than for an individual citizen. It is a still graver act for a Government to renounce all law, to declare itself an outlaw. Nor does the use of the evident misnomer, martial law, improve the case. For the proclamation of martial law is not, as is sometimes pretended, the substitution of an extraordinary for the ordinary law. It is merely the declaration of an intention to rule without law, to substitute for law the force of the executive. It is justified only upon grounds of sheer necessity in conformity with the maxim, *Salus res publicæ supra lex*. But there are rules and precedents for the interpretation of that "necessity," which come into consideration when the legislature is subsequently invited to pass an Act of Indemnity to condone the illegalities of martial law.

Now the recent extensions of the use of martial law in South Africa deserve grave consideration alike in their general bearing upon this perilous practice, and in particular relation to the position of a "self-governing" Dominion within the British Empire. Unfortunately, South Africa, even before the Boer War, had enjoyed an unenviable notoriety in this matter. Natal had on several occasions had recourse to martial law before the bestowal of responsible government, and the Cape in 1878 made a limited application of the principle for the repression of native rebellions.

But during and subsequently to the Boer War, several instances of martial law have occurred, in which very dangerous extensions of its use have taken place. The term martial law itself implies that the public necessity which warrants its application is of the nature of war, either war with an external enemy or the repression of an armed rebellion. So, likewise, the constitutional interpretation has invariably, until recent times, imposed rigorous limitations of area, time, and occasion for the justifiable employment of such military force. It must not be applied "*præter necessitatem*," i.e., outside a prescribed area of danger, beyond the time when the danger lasts, or to cases where such force is unnecessary to preserve order. Now the gravity of recent happenings in South Africa consists in a breaking down of each of these salutary restrictions. The well-known case of Marais, which came before the Privy Council in 1900, failed to secure redress for a man arrested and

imprisoned under martial law for alleged acts committed outside the actual area of rebellion, at times and places where the ordinary civil courts were available. A still more audacious invasion was effected by the Government of Natal, where, after the so-called native rebellion of 1906, martial law was maintained during a long period, without even the pretence of an existing state of war or rebellion. The Act of Indemnity, which the Natal Government passed, virtually cancelled all the limitations of time, space, and occasion to which reference has been made, and was accepted by the Imperial Government as a whitewash for all illegal acts committed during the entire period when martial law was running. A significant commentary upon the whole proceeding was offered by the Governor, Sir Matthew Nathan, who wrote on July 18th, 1908: "I can still find none [no justification] for the maintenance of martial law for a period of eight months in a country where there has been neither war nor rebellion."

From this statement of Sir Matthew Nathan it would appear that, at any rate up to 1906, there survived the clear assumption that war or rebellion must be the basis of "necessity" for martial law. Now the record just achieved by the South African Government consists in ignoring this salutary rule, and in setting up a standard of "necessity" unknown to all previous establishment of martial law. If it remains unchallenged, it will enable any Government to revert to authoritative anarchy whenever a sufficiently awkward emergency occurs. When Lord Gladstone issued his proclamation of martial law over large areas of the Transvaal, the Orange Free State, and Natal, at a time when he was aware that there existed neither war nor rebellion, he committed himself to a course of conduct impossible to justify by any past precedent. How far it would have been advisable for him to reject what was doubtless the urgent "advice" of his Ministers, may be regarded as an open question. It cannot, indeed, be assumed that he is "bound" in such a matter to act upon Ministerial advice, or even that, as representative of the Crown and the Imperial Parliament, he does not possess a larger power of refusal than would adhere to the monarch in this country. But a strong presumption lies in favor of his accepting the Ministerial advice. As Mr. Keith says, "If a Ministry, which is presumably at least honest, assures the Governor that he should proclaim martial law, he would rest under a grave responsibility if he refused to do so, and in the face of a crisis left the Government in hopeless confusion, while the Governor was running about trying to find a Minister to accept responsibility for carrying on the Government."

That what has occurred in South Africa constitutes, however, a very grave abuse of martial law there remains little doubt. There was neither a state of war nor of rebellion, and the measure of disorder which existed when martial law was proclaimed was not considerable, and was easily within the control of the civil authorities. It is no doubt true that considerable disorders, accompanied perhaps by rioting and possibly by violent concerted action on the part of starving native miners, might have been anticipated as likely to follow an extension of the strike. But no such outbreak had taken place, and as regards the native workers, it was understood that the Government had prepared for their orderly and safe deportation, should the necessity arise. We shall be told that the people on the spot must be considered the best judges of the peril of the situation, and of the necessity for martial law. To this, however, it may be replied that the Government have had the fullest opportunity of setting forth the case for their violent action, while their censorship has precluded the publication of the other side. Moreover, there is one admitted fact which is overwhelming in its testimony. The proclamation of martial law was the direct and immediate response to the decision of the Federation of Trades in favor of a general strike. In a word, it was motived not by any rebellion, or disorderly or illegal action of the workers, but by a declaration of their intention to do by concerted action what they had a perfect legal right to do, viz., to withhold the sale of their labor to their employers. Though there is idle talk of a Syndicalist rebellion, there

is ample evidence that the general disposition of the strikers was entirely pacific, that they refused to listen to preachers of disorder, and were bent upon creating an economic situation so difficult as to bring the Government and other employers to terms. Here is the first plain instance of a Government in a so-called self-governing State putting down a pacific strike by the illegal use of armed force. We shall be told, "What is this to you? This is a self-governing State, and the Imperial Government has no right of interference." Now, we must insist that this is not the case, and ought not to be the case. It ought not to be the case, because the free permission to a State of the Empire to throw off all forms of orderly government, and to revert to injustice and oppression at the will of an Executive and in defiance of all precedents of history, is a denial of all moral and political unity for the Empire. If our Empire is to be anything more than an idle name, if it is to have any substance, it must agree in the adoption and application of some common principles of civilized government. As we will not permit, and indeed preclude by Imperial statute, the existence of open slavery within the Empire, similarly we ought to require in other respects the maintenance of a minimum standard of civilized government. If a State is unable to govern itself without recurrent lapses into martial law, it ought not to attempt a task for which it is confessedly unfit. It is surely the part of any true Imperialism to use the Imperial power to maintain just principles of self-government.

It is untrue to urge that we possess no such constitutional rights in the case of self-governing Dominions. When the Act of Indemnity, passed by the South African Government, comes to the Imperial Parliament for ratification, it may be disallowed. Such disallowal would doubtless be a very serious step to take, but the refusal even to consider its undertaking is still more serious, for it not merely permits a so-called self-governing Dominion to cease to be genuinely self-governing whenever it chooses, but it establishes precedents which may come to react most perilously upon our own political ideas and practices. Among those classes in this country which formerly boasted themselves the upholders of the law and constitution, we are already witnessing a noteworthy spread of illegality. Is it unlikely that those who, when in opposition, threaten treasonable resistance to the law and constitution of the land, would, when they held the Government, resort to martial law to meet a similar emergency to that which occurred in South Africa? The congratulations showered on the Boer Generals and their Government by a large section of our Press, the open exultation of the typical English employer and clubman in this triumphant vindication of the strong hand in repressing "strikers," are not without significance. It will be remembered that the present Government, during the railway strike, took the menacing step of moving troops into positions where their force might be available. A prolonged strike, not perhaps general in the strict sense, but covering the whole transport trade, would certainly create a state of affairs in which clamorous demands for "exceptional measures" would take place. Nor can it be denied that "exceptional measures" might be necessary to save the people from starvation. But is it not possible that when such a situation was impending, the railways or other employers might be able to stampede a weak and therefore violent-minded Government into a use of martial law similar to that in South Africa? Where powerful economic interests handle politics, such a danger must always be present, provided the emergency is sufficient. The new magnitude and stress of our conflicts between capital and labor rightly make the recent occurrence in South Africa of real concern to our working classes, and, indeed, to citizens in general in this country. It is therefore to be hoped that when the Act of Indemnity for crimes and other illegalities committed in South Africa under martial law comes before our Parliament it may be challenged more rigorously than was the case with the Natal Act.

J. A. HOBSON.

Letters from Abroad.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE CHINESE SITUATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—At last I have returned to my native land after an absence of three years. Great has been my expectation to see the passing of an old corrupt order, delightful have been my dreams to watch "young China" busily at work in the Ship of State, and yet, like all who anticipate too much, I have been painfully disappointed.

In fact, I am quite aware of the true meaning of the first revolution, viz., the extirpation of the Manchu dynasty; it is also clear to me that Parliamentary Government cannot all of a sudden bear fruit in such a strange land; again, it is generally known to all observers that China, which has undergone so many shocks—such as the two revolutions, her financial difficulty, diplomatic imbroglios—retains a very precarious existence. And yet, as soon as I passed Manchuri, the frontier station between China and Russia, I seemed to find dark clouds gathering on the horizon. As I proceeded southward towards the capital, I conversed with different people, I tried to study what China of to-day really is, and I found, to my great surprise, that China, though in a sense it is of a more primitive organization than most of the European States, is confronted with innumerable social, economic, and political problems, each of which is difficult to solve; this, I believe, is due to the enormous extent of her territory, the limitations of her sovereignty, and the lack of intelligence of her people. For the present, I shall content myself with making a survey of her political situation to-day.

The most surprising thing I found in our land—at any rate in North China—is that there is no public opinion. The Press is muzzled by the threat of persecution; or else it is influenced by money power. The only means by which I can vaguely gauge public opinion is by conversing with all sorts and conditions of men.

Parliamentary Government has failed in China, and with it Young China falls into discredit. That Young China is incompetent is beyond doubt, and the chief cause of its incompetency must be attributed to its lack of experience. Moreover, the Young China Party is a heterogeneous body, comprising, besides theorists, politicians and foreign educated students, adventurers and opportunists, who aim only at self-benefiting ends.

The facts that Young China is unable to make a powerful organization, that it is not sagacious enough to make necessary conciliations, and that it is always trying to control rather than to obey its leaders, strengthen greatly Yuan Shi Kai's position. Though lacking in *Weltanschauung*, and according to some, deficient in moral calibre, Yuan is indisputably a great man, a man who knows how to conquer, how to command, and how to plan. In the past he has identified himself with order and power; he has done much to preserve the national integrity, and he has also widely extended his influence; he did both even at the greatest sacrifice. From the very beginning he has tried to disarm his opponents, to weaken those who were likely to be his antagonists, and, lastly, to get under his control those who seemed to be of use. Troops were disbanded, but not his, for his were kept to maintain order. A military régime is now set up in China, and until the central government is established on a solid basis, and so long as Yuan and his Ministers have the confidence of the people, it seems that the military régime will survive.

For the present, disputes as regards the form of government, the division of power, and even the drafting of the constitution are pushed into the background; and there seems no probability that these questions will be revived in the immediate future. What the Chinese people are most anxious to watch is whether Yuan's power will be abused—and it is most likely that Yuan's adherents will abuse his power. The burning question of to-day is "deprovincialism"; it will form the most debated topic in the Advisory Council in the near

future. The Advisory Council, it may be pointed out, is composed of members appointed by the President, the Ministerial Council, the Government Departments, and the different provincial Governors; this body, being a substitute for the National Assembly, is reported to represent two elements—the Progressives and the Conservatives. The discussion on "deprovincialism" marks another step towards centralization; and this measure, if it stands by itself, may be good or bad. It is to be hoped that when the whole of China is parcelled out into districts (chow) under one central government, the ground will be paved for future national legislation that can be uniformly applied to the whole country without the meddlesome innovation of the provincial Governors.

—Yours, &c.,

A CHINAMAN.

Tientsin.

Letters to the Editor.

ARMAMENTS AND ECONOMY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I should very much like to emphasize that side of the discussion on armament expenditure which has been so ably dealt with by Mr. Perris in your last issue.

There is a great deal that needs saying by those who are ranged on the pacifist side in relation to this frightful rate of superseding one type of warship by another. I do not know how far it is known to those outside of the armament industry that at the present time there is a whole series of new inventions or, should we say, improvements about to come into use both in capital ships and in the arming of torpedo-craft.

I have just returned from a tour of certain shipyard areas, in the course of which I have learned of several new items which are to swell the estimates in the near future. Mr. Perris mentions the 13.5 in. guns now mounted on ships in commission. These are virtually to be rendered obsolescent, if not obsolete, by the installation of the 15 in. weapon on the vessels of the current programme and those of 1912-13.

But the plant is ready in at least one great establishment, and experiments are there being made with the 16 in. gun. The gun-pits are sufficiently large to take the mountings which will be required, and little is needed now but the adoption by the Admiralty of this new monstrosity. It may seem a small matter, this growth in diameter of the gun-barrel, but it means much in the size, weight, and cost of the projectile. The 12 in. weapon fired a shot weighing 850 lbs.; the 15 in. can hurl one of 1,950 lbs. At about five and a half miles this mass of metal would go crashing through fourteen inches of the hardest armor-plate, supposing, that is, that it struck other than a glancing blow. There is no armored belt on any of our ships which would turn such a shell at three miles. But the 15 in. is not large enough. It must be replaced, and with what result?

There will follow an increase in the cost of the gun—now not less than £16,000—and there will be a pair of these in each barbette. Now the gun-mountings of the "Dreadnought" cost approximately £72,000 a piece, if we take as an estimate one-fifth of that allowed by Sir Trevor Dawson, managing-director of Vickers, Sons, & Maxim (given in an article in the November number of "Cassier's Magazine" in 1908), for the price of her complete set. The guns in these were of 12 in. bore. What will be the figure for those which are to go upon the "Revenge"! They will be larger in every dimension, and hence, I think we may assume, proportionately more expensive. Moreover, the working machinery has been greatly improved, and while the operation of loading has been enormously expedited, the intricacy of the breech-mechanism, &c., has been rendered more complex. This new device will first be fitted upon the Chilean "Almirante Latorre."

The larger the guns, and hence the mountings, the greater the penetrating power of the enemy's shell, the heavier must be the weight of armor, and quite four hundred tons of this must be bolted upon the barbette, its

lower chambers, and trunk. The price for this, I may say, is often much nearer £140 than £120 per ton.

To resist the strain of concussion the guns must not be mounted too close together, and, placed on the centre line; this makes for great length. To counterbalance this, stability is maintained by widening the beam, so that, viewed from astern or ahead, the ship has a clumsy and lumbering appearance. To propel all this mass of steel at great speed, engines of amazing power are required. It is said that those in the "Tiger" will be of 108,000 i.h.p., and many famous firms are at present heading the lists of marine engine production because their work is mainly done for the Admiralty. Heavy gun-mountings, throbbing engines, and clumsy masses of armor, all necessitate the use of much strong structural steel in the hull.

The gun is not the only means of offence, though the battleship is, in the words of Admiral Bacon, mainly a gun-platform.

There is the deadly torpedo. At the time of the Russo-Japanese War, these were effective at about one mile range and little more. To-day they may put a ship out of action at four miles distance. The 18 in. torpedo has been almost entirely replaced by one of 21 in., and two of 24 in. and 30 in. are in experimental stages. These will be swifter, and effective at several miles' range.

The submarine has grown into a big ship, and I have recently seen one of a thousand tons. These craft also mount disappearing guns, and in seas like those around our shores would be very ugly foes for a Super-Dreadnought to encounter on "a dark and foggy night." Moreover, submarines are, almost all of them, constructed in private yards; nor are there any signs of extending the dockyard provision at Chatham, where alone the nation has hitherto built its own.

The same holds good of naval airships. These are to be docked in the new hangars at Eastchurch, but they are to be built by Vickers at Walney, and Armstrong, Whitworth & Co. at Selby. No more airships, for the present, are to be manufactured at Farnborough.

The War Office has experimented with ship after ship until, at last, it has solved the main problems of flight. Now two of the experts have gone to a private firm and after them have followed the orders of the Admiralty.

And these airship and warship firms have works of their own or part interests in factories and yards in Japan, Brazil, Argentina, Canada, Spain, Italy, Hungary, Turkey, and Russia.

One of them is, just now, intent on developing a "prosperous foreign business."

Is there any wonder at our ever more bloated expenditure, and at scare following upon scare just as often as capital issue follows on capital issue?—Yours, &c.,

J. T. WALTON NEWBOLD.

6, Grange Road, Buxton.
January 18th, 1914.

RIGHT OF SEARCH AND RIGHT OF CAPTURE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Admiral Bridge, in his reply to Professor Brentano, insists, very rightly, on the "necessity of accurately defining and thoroughly understanding what is meant by specific terms before using them in serious discussions." He, then, as it seems to me (and I am mindful of the deference due to so great an authority) exhibits a very remarkable lapse from his own standard. He tells us that the "so-called right of capture concerns the interests of belligerents only." Now, as I have paid away many hundreds of pounds to the owners of neutral ships and cargoes because those ships and cargoes have been captured, Admiral Bridge might just as well tell a British sufferer from gout that gout only attacks Frenchmen, as tell me that capture only affects belligerents. May I remind him of the "Oldhamia," a British-owned steamer with an American-owned cargo, both captured, lost while in the hands of the Russians, and no compensation ever paid? Are these uninsured owners of ship and cargo to be told that they are not "concerned" with the right of capture? Is not this pushing Christian Science to extremes? And yet in his next paragraph, Admiral Bridge reproves Professor Brentano because he does not "point out that capture is restricted to that of

the enemy's vessels and to cargo, belonging only to the enemy, in such vessels." How can he "point out" what is flagrantly opposed to fact? Of course, I fully agree that Englishmen do not desire the destruction of Germany's merchant navy, nor do I think that Germans desire the destruction of British merchant shipping. But the commercial community in each nation fears the possible depredations of the rival fleets should war break out, and, were I a German, I should take serious note of Admiral Bridge's menacing declaration that "what is of immensely greater importance (than the size of the object to be attacked) is the amount of the probable attacking force in comparison with the amount of the force that defends, and the way in which the latter is utilized." So long as we stick to the practice of capture, we cannot hope for any relief from the armament competition.

On the other hand, as an Englishman, I place no confidence in expert opinion as to the masterly way in which our Navy is going to crumple up every other navy. I remember the expert boastings before the Boer War and the humiliation that followed. I also remember that even after the destruction of the Russian Fleet in the Russo-Japanese War a few stray ships did enormous damage to that neutral shipping which the right of capture does not concern!

It is, of course, obvious that any convention abolishing the practice of capture would necessarily provide for the disarming of all merchant vessels.

In conclusion, may I assure Professor Brentano that an increasing number of Britons admire and sympathize with his work and that of his distinguished colleague, Professor Sieper, and cherish the hope that those who, in both nations, are working for concord instead of enmity will not be discouraged?—Yours, &c.,

CHAS. WRIGHT.

Lloyd's, January 20th, 1914.

THE LAND CAMPAIGN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I be permitted to point out that the phrase "land monopoly," which excites the indignation of your correspondent, Mr. A. A. Mitchell, was in familiar use before Mr. Lloyd George became a Member of Parliament, and has been employed by immaculately respectable persons, untainted by Radicalism or Socialism, and moving in the very best society? I have before me a valuable little work, which I can honestly recommend to readers of THE NATION, "The Pioneers and Progress of English Farming," written by Mr. Rowland E. Prothero, Barrister-at-Law, and Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, and published by Longmans, Green & Co., in 1888. Here are two interesting extracts: (1) "The limitation in the quantity of land attaches a fancy value to its acquisition and renders its possession a monopoly" (page 125). (2) *Latifundia perdidere Italiam*; and it is quite possible that land monopoly may prove the ruin of England," (page 128).

What remedies then did Mr. R. E. Prothero propound in 1888 for the calamity which he then feared? Not Protection, for, as he truly observes, "for every one man who says that bread is too cheap, there are a hundred who say it is too dear" (page 237), and "agriculturists will only prove the catspaws of manufacturers if they swell the cry for Fair Trade" (page 166). Not the artificial creation of peasant proprietors, a scheme which he attributes to Free Traders and remarks that foreign experience shows their economical and agricultural theories to be opposed. "Transform the agricultural laborer into a small farmer, and you make him a Protectionist" (page 161). In passing, let me observe that I do not remember who were advocates of creating a peasant proprietary in England in the 'eighties. The Liberals were in favor of a plan of Land Purchase in Ireland; but I do not think that Mr. Gladstone or any responsible Liberal politician desired to extend the measure to England.

What then did Mr. Prothero recommend in 1888? Land-law reform, increased facilities to transfer land by the establishment of land registries, readjustment of local taxation, reduction of the interest on the National Debt from 3 per cent. to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., extension of technical agricultural education, efficient equipment of a Ministry of Agriculture, abolition of differential railway rates, the

multiplication of small holdings, and State-assisted emigration of agricultural labourers ("The colonies have the vacant land; England the surplus population," page 234). Finally he made an appeal to English landlords, "Landlords have now the opportunity of removing legitimate grounds of discontent; of increasing the number of those, who, as small occupiers, will be interested in the maintenance of landed interests; of reviving those cordial relations which in times past made English agriculture the model and example for foreign nations; of striking from the hands of socialistic theorists weapons which are dangerous to the safety of society" (page 241).

An excellent sermon, which if taken to heart by the landlords and their party, might have made a Land Campaign unnecessary!—Yours, &c.,

W. WYSE.

Halford, Shipston-on-Stour.

January 19th, 1914.

"THE SLIGHTED TRADE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—I am much amused by your leader-writer's estimate of my character. The occasion of his anger was the following sentence, as near as I can remember it: "Poets, who have to choose their words carefully, are indispensable guardians of the purity of the English language, which is being used up and injured by the enormous output of hurriedly dictated newspaper articles." Is this an unfeeling insult to the poor journalist? It was meant as a compliment to a young poet. In point of fact, I often write for the newspapers myself, and might even invade your sanctum, Mr. Editor, if I could find any subject in Heaven or earth on which we are not diametrically opposed.—Yours, &c.,

W. R. INGE.

January 21st, 1914.

THE NEW ZEALAND DEFENCE ACT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—The New Zealand "Hansard" throws some instructive light on the Defence Act, which will come up for public judgment at the General Election in November.

Is it so popular as alleged? Mr. Laurenson, Member for Lyttleton, said on September 3rd last: "A scheme such as this, unless it meets practically with the unanimous acquiescence of the people of the country is foredoomed to failure. . . . Evidently from the evidence put before us there is a fairly large minority opposed to the scheme. . . . I do not believe in jamming a system like this down the throats of the people when a large number are opposed to it."

Does it tend to equality? "I had occasion last session," said Mr. Atmore on August 22nd, "to call attention to what I considered was caste creeping into the force, and I say that caste will kill the proper spirit that should animate those who are aiming at forming a force of citizen soldiers." He also said: "The wealthy men of the Dominion are too old to go in for the training; it is the younger men, who have not yet made a competency, who have to go in for the training, and I say that it is grossly unfair that these men should be taken away from work where they are earning 8s., 10s., or 12s. a day, and receive only 4s. a day while they are in camp." And Mr. Atmore is an enthusiast for compulsion.

Is it fairly administered? Mr. Witty, Member for Riccarton, said: "Where the Department or the officers are going wrong is they penalize picked individuals, and it so happens that nearly every one of those persons who have been penalized are either poor people or the children of poor people." And Mr. Allen, the Minister for Defence, said that he "was perfectly well aware that men were being summoned over and over again, and he was very sorry for it. . . . He did not think they ought to persecute anybody."

Is it considerably administered? Mr. Anderson, Member for Mataura, said: "The farming community will not put up with the ridiculous annoyances such as I have here pointed out. . . . There is no more enthusiastic supporter of this compulsory military training than myself."

We must do our best to make it palatable. We cannot allow adjutants and officers to ride roughshod over the people."

"If the present method of treating the countrymen was continued," said Mr. F. H. Smith, Member for Waitiki, "the scheme would break down. . . . Personally he had been a military man for eight years and a-half, and his heart was in the matter, but he was not going to see the country go back for its sake."

Lastly, is the system moralizing? A gentleman who conducted a Bible Class complained to Mr. Isit that "his boys were compelled to listen to the vilest language from the officer who was drilling. . . . The people would not stand it, and if the fathers put up with it the mothers would not." He also adduced evidence to show that after drills the boys congregate in the local public-house.—Yours, &c.,

J. A. FARRER.

Ingleborough, Lancaster.

January 20th, 1914.

THE STRIKE IN LEEDS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—Your correspondent, "M.," leaves me in doubt as to his view of the strike recently indulged in by the municipal employees of this city. Reading between the lines, I gather that his sympathies are with the workers; but I fail to see a keen sense of the obligations of citizenship. May I say that I am able to view this curious episode very largely from the workers' standpoint? I have had a twenty years' continuous record of trade union membership, and since that I have been more closely in touch with working people than with any other class.

In spite of this class-sympathy and this intimate knowledge, I find myself amongst the opponents of the strikers—or, rather, of their leaders—for the following, amongst other reasons:—

First (and mainly), because there was never any just ground for striking. It is admitted that there was some case for claiming an advance of wages, and the offer of arbitration at the beginning fairly recognized this. Whoever is responsible for the rejection of this rational and up-to-date proposal made failure certain, and should bear the responsibility.

Secondly, because the amazing intervention of the tramwaymen in their twenty-four hours' sympathetic strike tended to make the whole business ridiculous. In this case, there had not been any question of grievance; besides which, every man who went out deliberately broke faith with his employers. My complaint is that gratuitous exhibitions of want of restraint, of lack of honor, of a sense of fitness in action, bring contempt on the whole idea of labor combination. They are wanton escapades which leave behind embarrassing and inconvenient consequences. They are a proof of rudimentary organization, and are in striking contrast to the policy of the older trade unions, who seek, first, peaceful means of settlement, and leave the strike to be applied when all other means have failed. Nobody questions the right to strike, but most people (even most working people) deprecate frivolous and unnecessary use of such operations.

A still graver aspect of the Leeds strike is that seen from the citizens' standpoint. The well-being of the employees is important; but the well-being of the whole community is infinitely more important. The right to strike (to make war) is allowed; so also the right to resist, to defend, to maintain, is rooted in tradition and in character. The idea of citizenship, as we understand it to-day, has been wrought out under much stress. Our great-grandfathers had but the faintest notion of modern municipal enterprise. Municipal gas, water, tramways, libraries, and so on, have come into being through much travail; the pity of it is that the greatest blow to this phase of civic life has come from the democrats of the democrats—from the very men who have, in days gone by, been in the vanguard of municipalists. The solid fact is that the most obvious result of this strike is a serious set-back to modern ideas of municipal responsibility.

Those who defend the action of the strikers in Leeds implicitly degrade the civic ideal. How can there be an uplifting of the helpless and the degraded except by corporate investigation and effort? The business men, the

students, the middle-class youth who turned gas-stoker or street-sweeper in such an emergency, were resisting a conspiracy directed against the ordinary means of living. The strike taught them in a day what modern communal life rests on, a lesson not to be wiped out by being called blacklegs, scabs, and what-not. Indeed, these choice objurgations have become rather anaemic in these latitudes.

The outstanding lesson of the strike to the corporation employee is that the game of bluff seldom succeeds; that no man is indispensable; that a man cannot leave his employment, and then "demand" to have his place back just when he thinks fit. The "wage-slave" in these days is in economic bondage; but he is free to choose his employment; if he strikes, he voluntarily leaves it. This is true of numbers as well as of individuals; it is also true of business men as well as workers. I venture to hope that reasonable claims for better pay or improved conditions will have prompt consideration.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN ROBINSON.

Leeds, January 19th, 1914.

JOHN WESLEY'S POETRY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—One of your recent issues contains an article entitled "Poems by Two Brothers," which contains the remarkable statement that "John Wesley was a prolific and often tedious verse writer," while "Charles Wesley was a poet."

John Wesley was not by any manner of means a prolific verse writer, since all the verse he ever wrote could be printed in, say, ten pages of THE NATION. It is difficult to understand in what sense he can be called a tedious verse writer, for, with the exception of one or two pieces which have a strong personal interest, all his verse consists of between thirty and forty versions of German hymns. These he was the first to render into English, and his translations are immeasurably the finest things of the kind in our language. He was an incomparable translator, and while he had not his brother's lyrical gift, he was at least as much a poet as Collins or several other eighteenth-century writers who are seriously treated as poets in manuals of literary history, such as, for example, the recent "Age of Johnson."—Yours, &c.,

HENRY BETT.

January 19th, 1914.

PUBLIC OPINION AND THE NAVY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In an article entitled "Public Opinion and the Navy," which appears in the issue of THE NATION dated the 17th instant, the following statement occurs:—

"The 'responsible people' who invest in armament firms, conduct the Navy League, and engage in that export of capital to distant 'places in the sun' which accounts for nine-tenths of our foreign complications, have bluffed the country into a lazy acquiescence in their informal management of its affairs."

This is a grossly libellous attack upon the Navy League for which there is not a shred of foundation. The Navy League has no relationship of any sort, quality, or description with armament firms, or with any one of them. The Navy League has not sought, does not seek, and has never received in any form whatever the support of the firms engaged in the manufacture of armaments.

The policy of the Navy League has been conceived, and is being formulated, without any reference to those engaged in the production of war material, and is influenced by no other consideration than the requirements of national and Imperial safety.

As a matter of fair play I must ask you to withdraw this unwarranted and unfounded accusation against the Navy League in your next issue.—Yours, &c.,

P. J. HANNON, Secretary.

(The Navy League.)

11, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

[If Mr. Hannon reads the sentence he has quoted, he will find that it does not contain "the accusation against the Navy League" which he asks us to withdraw.—ED. NATION.]

DUBLIN AND THE POLICE INQUIRY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am glad Mr. Aston has drawn attention, in your columns, to Mr. Birrell's amazing breach of faith with regard to the constitution of the Court now inquiring into the conduct of the police during the recent riots in Dublin. It is to be hoped that when Parliament meets questions will be asked on this and other instances of Mr. Birrell's cynical disregard of Irish public opinion. Has there ever been a Chief Secretary who has spent so little time in Ireland, or one who has so failed in his public duties as, e.g., in his treatment of the Ulster question?

Nothing appears to give Mr. Birrell more pleasure than flouting the disinterested opinion of well-informed Irish Liberals, as witness his extraordinary appointments, judicial and otherwise. Having no axe to grind, I can speak freely, and think I venture to express a large body of public opinion in Ireland.—Yours, &c.,

AN IRISH LIBERAL.

January 20th, 1914.

RUSSIAN POLITICAL PRISONERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I do not think that any outsider can add anything to the effect of the beautiful and pathetic letter which Miss Tschaikovsky has forwarded to you. But surely we may ask Sir Edward Grey whether his friendship with the Russian Government can produce no effect except the partition of Persia and the hanging of Persian patriots? Cannot the Foreign Secretary of the Liberal Government even make use of his grotesque alliance for the purposes of freedom and humanity? It is true, no doubt, that we cannot find the same justification for interference that we found in another case of Russian injustice, as Madame Breshovsky is not a British subject. But the intervention which was so readily given to secure the destruction of Persian liberty, and the friendship which was so strikingly exhibited in the surrender of Adamovitch, might occasionally be stretched far enough to save the life of an excellent old woman.—Yours, &c.,

C. E. MAURICE.

Evrene Cottage, Gainsborough Gardens, Hampstead.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Having just received some further news of Catherine Breshovsky, may I convey it through your columns to those of your readers who have taken interest in her conditions and sufferings?

First, I would like to thank those kind friends who have written to me about her and, in response to my letter in your paper of the 10th inst., have sent monetary help.

This money I am forwarding to that friend to whom she wrote, thanking her for things received and appealing for more; so there will be no doubt that this money or medical appliances will reach safely those who are in such urgent need.

Secondly, I should like to announce that on next Sunday, January 25th, at New King's Hall, Commercial Road, E., at 2.30 p.m., there will be a public meeting on her behalf, where any further news received about her will be made public, and where plans for her assistance will be discussed. I earnestly ask all sympathizers to try to be present.

At present, "Baboushka" is in solitary confinement in the Irkutsk Prison. Gendarmes are stationed at her door to prevent this splendid old woman by any possible chance escaping into the free air. I would like your readers to know why she tried to escape. Not because she was tired of prison, or was suffering, or ill—no; but that she might go from town to town, from village to village, calling and reawakening those who had become disheartened—students, workmen, and peasants. She is only distressed that she was caught so soon, before she had a chance to do anything. In her own words: "When I have no work to do, I am ill and old; but when I have work I am never ill."—Yours, &c.,

VERA TSCHAIKOWSKY.

January 22nd, 1914.

"A REPORTER'S NOTE-BOOK."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—"A Journalist," acknowledging my "very genial and kindly notice" of his book, "Bohemian Days in Fleet Street," observes:—

"I suppose I am right in crediting the authorship of the article to some generous contemporary of mine who is complimented in the book, and who takes this method of exhibiting his gratitude!"

This is a "very genial and kindly" reflection on my good faith as a reviewer; but my name does not, in fact, appear in the book, nor have I the slightest notion by whom it was written.—Yours, &c.,

THE REVIEWER.

January 20th, 1914.

THE REPRESENTATION OF LABOR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—You condemn the unfriendly attitude of General Botha's Government towards labor. May I recall to your readers' minds a striking piece of evidence of that unfriendliness? Until about eighteen months ago, the municipalities of Johannesburg and Pretoria were elected on a system of proportional representation. Labor had its due share of members. In the year 1912 this system was abolished by General Botha's Government, in spite of the protests of the Johannesburg press. It was generally understood that the abolition was to be attributed to the wish to get rid of the "inconvenient Labor Member."

This week's news from Dublin also illustrates the electoral injustice that is done to labor municipally under our present method of election. I read in the "Manchester Guardian" of to-day (January 17th) that Mr. Larkin contested fifteen seats on the Dublin City Council and carried only two; but that where he was defeated he usually polled "three-fourths of the victorious candidate's poll." On this showing, he ought to have won six seats. As it is, he holds two, and those precariously.

The pressing problem of modern statesmanship is to give full citizenship to the workers. One element at least in its solution is the establishment of electoral justice.—Yours, &c.,

J. F. WILLIAMS.

Chelsea, January 17th, 1914.

P.S.—I may perhaps add that the present municipal representation on the Metropolitan Borough Councils is far more absurd than the Dublin results. Possibly, the municipal torpor of London is partly to be attributed to the existing electoral system. If the Progressives in the London Boroughs (I do not speak of the L.C.C.) include a Larkin, or other live man, we may perhaps hear something of this in the future.—J. F. W.

THE KINGDOM OF ALBANIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—Notwithstanding the reputation Miss Durham has on matters connected with Montenegro and Albania, whose cause she has warmly espoused, yet even she cannot expect your readers to accept extracts from a letter of an unknown Moslem correspondent as satisfactory evidence of a condition of things the reverse of what I suggest in my letter.

The Special Correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" wrote: "Five hundred years of serfdom under Turkish rule have imbued them with a spirit of subordination, the edge of which has recently been turned by eight months of *absolute freedom* under the Greek flag." This was written from Leskoviki last November. Absolute freedom is hardly compatible with murder, outrage, and all Miss Durham claims against the Greeks.

An article in "Blackwood" three-quarters through the last century on Albania cannot be offered or accepted as "evidence," and the futility of including it in an answer to me is shown by referring to the importance of Janina as of both strategic importance and filled with historic associations in connection with Albania. This city is not in question as between Albania and Greece. It is ceded to Greece by consent of the Powers.

In connection with the question of murder, I believe that Colonel A. M. Murray, C.B., in his lecture to the Anglo-

Hellen League the other evening, said he had had the pleasure of meeting at dinner many of the slaughtered "notables" of Albania quite lately, and that they appeared in quite good health!—Yours, &c.,

A. GRIMSHAW HAYWOOD.

Blundellsands January 19th, 1914.

THE DATE OF SHENSTONE'S BIRTH.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—I notice that, in your issue of January 3rd, you state that the bicentenary of William Shenstone's birth occurs on October 18th of this year. I believe that is the date given in the "Dictionary of National Biography" and elsewhere; but, while recently collecting biographical details of Shenstone, I was unable to find any confirmation of this. I think the date of Shenstone's birth will be found to be November 18th, which is the date given by his lifelong friend, the Rev. R. Graves.—Yours, &c.,

E. M. PURKIS.

Breslau, Germany, January 19th, 1914.

Poetry.

THE GOOD KNIGHT AND THE ORPHAN-MAID.

(A Ballad of the Moyen Age.)

"SWEET maid, where may thy home be?"
"Fair sir, I roam in misery."

"Where may thy good father be?"
"Neath the seas of Brittany."

"Where may thy dear mother be?"
"Withered by a witch was she."

"Where may thy bold brother be?"
"In the Turk's captivity."

"Where may thy young sister be?"
"On London Bridge, in beggary."

"Where may thy grandfather be?"
"He rows in the King's galley."

"Where may thy grandmother be?"
"She was burned for Lollardy."

"Where may thy true uncle be?"
"Gibbeted in chains is he."

"Where may thy aunt Margot be?"
"Fast in Bedlam hostelry."

"Where may the ballad-maker be?"
"On the high road in thievery."

"Where may la Soeur Dénise be?"
"They walled her up for apostasy."

"Where may the tall Jacquot be?"
"Jacquot died in the Jacquerie."

"Where may Marthe, thy playmate, be?"
"At the wars in harlotry."

"Where may little Pierre be?"
"At La Vraye Croix through charity."

"Where may his baby-sister be?"
"She pined i' the cold o' February."

"Where may thy kind cousin be?"
"He is sick of leprosy."

"Where may thy stepmother be?"
"In the deep of Purgatory."

"Sweet maid, tell where thou wouldst be?"
"Fair sir, in thy company."

[They ride off together.]

R. L. G.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"French Civilization in the Nineteenth Century: A Historical Introduction." By A. L. Guérard. (Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)
 "Maximilian in Mexico: The Story of the French Intervention (1861-1867)." By Percy F. Martin. (Constable. 21s. net.)
 "Wealth: A Brief Explanation of the Causes of Economic Welfare." By Edwin Cannan. (P. S. King. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "Random Recollections." By R. Caton Woodville. (Nash. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "In Far New Guinea." By Henry Newton. (Seely. 16s. net.)
 "In the Footsteps of the Brontës." By Mrs. Ellis H. Chadwick. (Pitman. 16s. net.)
 "Art in Flanders." By Max Rooses. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)
 "The Flying Inn." By G. K. Chesterton. (Methuen. 6s.)
 "The Making of an Englishman." By W. L. George. (Constable. 6s.)
 "Le Siège de Paris et la Commune." Par Lucien Nass. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3fr. 50.)
 "Viollet-le-Duc: Sa Vie, son Œuvre, sa Doctrine." Par Paul Gout. (Paris: Champion. 30fr.)
 "Mozart." Par H. de Curzon. (Paris: Alcan. 3fr. 50.)
 "Voyage aux îles Atlantides." Roman. Par Pierre Billaume et Pierre Hégine. (Paris: Grasset. 3fr. 50.)
 "Werden und Schicksale von Wagner's Parsifal." Von R. Hobberger. (Leipzig: Mayer. M. 2.20.)
 "Die Kaiserin Maria Theresa." Von W. Fred. (München: Müller. M. 12.)

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MR. ROBERT DONOVAN, who was editor of the Dublin "Freeman's Journal" for over fifteen years, is engaged on a biography of Parnell which will be published next autumn. Mr. Donovan is now Professor of English Literature at University College, Dublin. He was closely associated with Parnell for a prolonged period, and the coming biography will throw fresh light on the history of the Home Rule movement.

* * *

SIR WALTER RALEIGH has arranged to give a series of lectures at the Sorbonne on "The Romantic Movement in English Literature in the Beginning of the Nineteenth Century." Except for a "History of Romanticism" by Professor H. A. Beers, little has been written in English on the general subject, and Sir Walter Raleigh's lectures will, when published in book form, be a useful addition to literary history.

* * *

A NEW volume of essays by "Vernon Lee" is announced by Mr. John Lane. Its title is "The Tower of the Mirrors," and it will contain thirty-five chapters giving the author's impressions of famous cities and other places which she has visited.

* * *

"STILL HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED" is the title of a book by the Rev. E. J. Hardy, which Mr. Fisher Unwin has in the press. Mr. Hardy's book, "How to be Happy Though Married"—the title of which, by the way, was found in one of South's sermons—has had a huge circulation, and the coming volume gives the author's supplementary reflections on what he describes as this serious subject.

* * *

MR. FRANK HARRIS's biography of Oscar Wilde was announced some time ago; but as certain difficulties of copyright prevented its publication, it has now been decided to issue the book privately by subscription. Mr. Harris's book was written ten years ago, and is largely based on personal recollections of Wilde. Copies of the prospectus may be obtained from Mr. D. J. Rider, bookseller, 36, St. Martin's Court, W.C.

* * *

DEDICATIONS seem to be nearly as old as books, and there is material for an interesting footnote to literary history in Miss M. E. Brown's anthology of dedications which has just been published by Messrs. Putnam. Miss Brown has classified the dedications in her volume, and as these range from the Deity, through royalty and the nobility, down to women, children, animals, and the reader, her book is fully representative of the forms they assumed. They reflect

in some degree the social and political conditions of the time in which they were composed, and vary from the most fulsome flattery, as with Dryden, to the French poet whose dedication of an ode to posterity has been pronounced unduly optimistic because there seems no likelihood of it ever reaching its address. Miss Brown prints the sonnet in which Keats dedicated his poems to Leigh Hunt, and other famous poetical dedications; but, oddly enough, she omits Shelley's dedication of "The Revolt of Islam" to Mary Wollstonecraft, and Byron's seventeen satirical stanzas dedicating "Don Juan" to Southey. These latter were suppressed in the first edition, but their existence became notorious, and their inclusion some years afterwards led Southey to write to Cunningham that "the new edition of Byron's works is one of the very worst symptoms of these bad times."

* * *

DURING the period between Elizabeth and George I., dedications were an important source of revenue to authors. The fee for dedicating a book was sometimes as high as two hundred guineas, but the average fee at the time of the Restoration was only twenty. Sterne ridiculed this practice by printing on the accustomed page in "Tristram Shandy" the words: "To be let or sold for fifty guineas," and there is a similar jest in Mrs. Elizabeth Carter's "Proposals for the Art of Painting." Mrs. Carter claimed that she had read over forty thousand dedications, from whence she had extracted "a quintessence of all manner of good qualities which are now offered to any person who will take the greatest number of subscriptions." In order to obviate any scruples on the part of hesitating purchasers, she was careful to add that "of all the five-and-forty fine things contained in each of the said forty thousand dedications, not one thereof did in any wise belong to its respective subject." Interesting as is the subject of dedications, comparatively little has been written about them. Mr. Wheatley's "The Dedication of Books to Patron and Friend," the late Mr. Carew Hazlitt's selection from early English books, and a few scattered essays by Mr. Gosse and others almost complete the bibliography of the subject.

* * *

AMUSING gossip about another literary by-path is to be found in the late Mr. A. N. Joline's "Rambles in Autograph Land," which comes from the same publishers. Unlike most collectors of autographs, Mr. Joline makes no attempt to justify his hobby on the ground of the historical and educational value of autographs. He admits that his reason for indulging in his "worthy and innocuous pursuit" was because he liked it, and in displaying his treasures before the reader, he chats pleasantly enough about Pepys and Evelyn, Gray and Charles Lamb, Burke, Rogers, Carlyle, Dickens, and other famous men of letters whose autographs he possessed. At the same time, Mr. Joline betrays a little asperity towards uninitiated persons who have been rash enough to write slightly of his favorite pursuit. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, for example, is declared to be "responsible for more sloppy books than any modern writer," apparently because he has made some severe strictures on autograph beggars, and Sir William Robertson Nicoll and Mr. Seccombe are sneered at as "sapien gentlemen" for having been so lax as to write in their "History of English Literature" that Boswell initiated autograph hunting. But these are rare outbursts, and, for the most part, Mr. Joline's gossip is both friendly and entertaining.

* * *

By an odd coincidence the discovery that the earliest printed English news-letters were due to the enterprise of Dutch printers and publishers has been made public just as "La Gazette de Hollande" has begun the issue of an English edition. The "Gazette" is a Dutch journal printed at The Hague, which has played a remarkable part in the history of international journalism. Frederick the Great, Washington, Franklin, and several English statesmen have contributed to its columns. Hitherto it has been published in French, but it will in future bring out an English supplement which will be in itself a complete newspaper. It is hoped that the new journal will advance the cause of peace by promoting a better understanding both commercial and intellectual among the nations. We wish every success to the project.

Reviews.

CONTEMPORARY FRANCE.

"French Civilization in the Nineteenth Century : A Historical Introduction." By ALBERT LÉON GUÉRARD. (Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

SINCE Mr. Bodley's now classical work, which covers different ground and is written from a different standpoint, this is the most important book on France that has appeared on either side of the Channel; its knowledge, its insight, and its freedom from bias place it in the first rank. It is not only the student of French history and institutions to whom it will be of service. In the province of ideas, the French are, and are likely to remain, the pioneer people; it is probable that French civilization in the nineteenth century is a forecast of European in the twentieth. The slower nations follow the more progressive; and, warned by their errors, may stand where they fell.

In the making of the French nation, neither physical conditions, nor race, nor language were decisive; the human factor was all important: "France is the product of the human will." Hence, perhaps, the instinctive "rationalism," in the literal sense of the word, of the French mind. Mysticism of any sort or kind is foreign to it; its method is rational, and reason is its guide. Teutonism is held by its first living exponent to be not a physical fact, but an ideal. "Whoso thinks Teutonically is a Teuton, be his cephalic index what it may." So, "he whose soul is French needs no other credentials. This, be it said in passing, is the impregnable principle on which France bases her claim to Alsace-Lorraine." This "rationalism" exposes those who possess, or are possessed by, it, to the fallacy of abstract ideas, and, in general, to that of logic. On the other hand, it sets them on the lines of life. Of no European nation but our own, in which good sense (of which we have much) serves as a substitute for reason (of which we have little), can we be so certain that it is moving in the direction of its future. This is why an understanding with France has become the first plank of our Continental policy. The future of Germany, of Russia, of Austria is incalculable. In France the set of the current is sure.

"There are in France, perhaps more than in other countries, a Don Quixote and a Sancho Panza," and where the one is most in evidence, the other is not far off. The levity of the Gaul is an exploded fiction. For the last forty years "each General Election has shown the steadiness of the electorate, moderate as a whole, slowly moving towards the Radical Left, without any of those sudden 'swings of the pendulum' and 'landslides' so frequent in British and American politics." Nor is this a new feature; the nation is temperamentally sober and sane. In the Revolution itself there was a strong opportunist element; in the most advanced thinkers of to-day—M. Anatole France is a case in point—conviction is tempered by a vein of irony and scepticism; if we look below the surface we find "a deep, slow, and steady stream unaffected by the winds above." This has been from the first the safeguard of national unity. "The political history of France is intensely dramatic. . . . The crisis of 1789-94 left it rent in twain, and the two nations have lived ever since in a state of open or latent warfare. But

"this is the paradox, the miracle of French history; these heterogeneous and often warring elements want to remain united. That is why everything that might lead to disruption is immediately outlawed. Woe to minorities; woe to individualities! In a country where the indispensable degree of likemindedness is maintained only by constant exercise of will-power, nonconformity, dissent, is the worst social sin."

M. Guérard is a frank admirer of Napoleon III.—"the kindly, well-meaning Prince, whom no one ever approached without loving him"—and of the Second Empire. We are not sure that he convinces us; we cannot get beyond Clough's—

"Ah, yet consider it again!"

But in his recognition of the "mystic side" of material progress, the side of which Walt Whitman is the prophet, we are entirely with him. That this progress has transformed

the world of thought, as well as of things, is true; but "the arraignment of locomotives as agents of demoralization and vulgarization is sheer nonsense." The springs of life are perennial: the jeremiads of the middle-aged mean no more than this—that the youth of the world has left the middle-aged man, obese and gouty, behind. The Second Empire was beyond doubt the choice of the great majority of French citizens. Peasant and bourgeois alike shivered at the Socialist spectre, and clamored for a strong Government, with the Church, not as a religious power, but as a spiritual police force, at its back. The cardinal blunder of nineteenth-century Catholicism was that it acquiesced in this degrading position. Hence, on the one hand, "the hardening, materializing, coarsening influences" at work in the Church; and, on the other, the ambiguous elements of finance and swashbuckling associated with the Imperial *régime*. That Napoleon had higher aspirations is possible; but they were not realized: he "was heard to complain that he had to drag Persigny and Morny like a convict with his chain and ball." The best mind and conscience of France was against him. "Most great writers, after a while, lived on fairly good terms with 'Tiberius.'" But the terms were private and personal. The masses and the Bourse supported the Empire; men of ideas detested it; and their judgment, if not irreformable, has that possession which goes for so much in law.

Economic passion is more brutal than political, and the atrocities of the Terror were mild compared with those which accompanied the suppression of the Paris Commune in 1871. "A stream of blood runs between capital and labor, generating hatred"—a hatred which is the storm-centre of French society to this day. Outside the great towns Socialism, as a system, does not attract Frenchmen. But, when we remember that the Millerand-Colliard Law of 1900 was content to limit the working day to eleven hours, we can see that the labor question is, and will be for long, a burning one. As a system, Socialism may be unworkable—though Socialism has more than one meaning; but, as a tendency, it is a condition of social and economic progress. Of the planks of its platform, many are embodied in the Progressive programme: the *status quo* is at once its own refutation and its opponents' justification; these things shall not, and cannot, continue to be. Emancipation will come when the workers are ripe for it; it is their immaturity which makes them powerless to bring about the necessary shifting of conditions, and unfit to exercise what eighteenth-century thinkers called, loosely but significantly, the "rights of man." The least satisfactory feature of the present situation is the apparently haphazard employment of that two-edged weapon, the strike—which at once paralyzes society, and ruins not only the employers, but—and sooner—the employed. It is a relief to be told by an acute writer that the general strike is "the myth of Syndicalism." It is to labor what the belief in the Parousia was to its early Church. "Its potency (that is to say) is not to be measured by its practicability. It is a dynamic or creative idea."

Nowhere is the religious question more central or more definite than in France. After the Franco-Prussian War and the Commune, Catholicism had an unequalled chance. "France was groping for Christianity; she found again Clericalism and Ultramontanism"; she asked bread, and she was given a stone. That "the struggle of the Church against the Revolution is not a clear conflict of right and wrong, but a many-sided, puzzling warfare, in which sympathies cannot go unreservedly to either side," is true. But it is also true that "Catholicism polarizes all the elements of resistance to progress; this is the secret of its eternity": and that "the dull of soul is a born conformist; even reckless negation may be a sign of intense concern in religious things." Few will regret the decline of militant anti-clericalism; as clericalism dies out, anti-clericalism of this type will disappear. In the opinion of those best able to judge, the religious situation is shifting; and a *patrie des âmes* is forming itself on spiritual and ethical rather than on ecclesiastical lines.

M. Guérard's judgment on the armament question is weighty:—

"More insidious, costlier than war, without any of war's redeeming features, such as they may be, militarism is weighing the country down. The country, we are told, is growing richer in spite of the ever-increasing burden. But how long will the

thrift and toil of the people keep pace with that abyssmal waste? A nation whose population does not increase, and whose natural resources are incapable of sudden expansion, cannot spend billions on social improvements and on armaments for ever; it is burning the candle at both ends. When it comes to a choice—and the hour cannot be long deferred—will the French decide to protect themselves against the problematical aggression of neighbors with whom they have lived at peace for forty years, or against these ever-present, relentless foes—ignorance, disease, want, and crime? A small portion of the population is affected with Chauvinistic hysteria, and clamors for revenge; another is haunted with unreasoning fear; a third suffers from civic cowardice, and dares not speak out its candid opinion; a fourth seems to champion international peace, in the sole interest of social war. But a growing number of men in all walks of life see the criminal folly of militarism, and the possibility of checking its further growth. France is, next to America, the great Power in which the pacifist movement is strongest. Even in this dark hour there is a gleam of hope."

We shall look forward to M. Guérard's promised "Problems of Contemporary France." If we had to criticize a detail, it would be the sometimes confusing Anglicising of well-known French names. It is not easy to recognize "Le Sillon" in "Sangnier's Furrow"; Lamennais's journal, "l'Avenir," in the "Future"; or the "Causeries du Lundi" in "Monday Talks."

FROM THE UNREAL TO THE REAL.

"Chitra." A Play in One Act. By RABINDRANATH TAGORE. (Published for the India Society at the Chiswick Press.)

THE India Society, through which the poetry of Rabindranath Tagore was first made accessible to English readers, has now placed his admirers under a further debt of gratitude by issuing to the public, as a companion volume to the already rare first impression of "Gitanjali," a limited edition of his lyrical drama, "Chitra," translated into English prose. This is the first of his plays to appear in book form in this country. Those, then, who did not see the performance of "The Post Office" by the Irish Players in July last, or hear any of Mr. Tagore's own readings of that remarkable mystic drama, "The King of the Dark Chamber," here make the acquaintance of his dramatic mood for the first time.

"Chitra" is a short play; it has but one act, divided into nine scenes. Written twenty-five years ago, in the period to which many of the songs in "The Gardener" belong, it has more affinities with the romantic yet warmly human temper of that book than with the intense spirituality of "Gitanjali." Yet here already, some of the notes most characteristic of "Gitanjali" are struck. In one of the most remarkable poems of that collection, Tagore is found insisting, as his spiritual ancestor, Kabir, had done before him, on the splendor and reality of the common life accepted in its wholeness, as the proper theatre of human effort: the discovery of God, not in some abstract region of truth and beauty, but in things as they are—amongst the struggles and imperfections of the temporal flux.

"He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the path-maker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and in shower, and his garment is covered with dust.

"Put off thy holy mantle, and even like him come down to the dusty soil.

"Meet him and stand by him in toil and in sweat of thy brow."

In these lines are summed up the idea-plot of "Chitra." Love—durable love—the supreme manifestation of God, is found only by coming to grips with the reality of the here-and-now, an acceptance of the stuff of existence. Man will not be satisfied with anything less or anything lovelier than truth; he demands, not the illusion of perfection, but the concrete reality in all its imperfection—"an imperfection which is yet noble and grand," as Chitra says in the speech which sums up and concludes the play. It must not be supposed from this, however, that the idea-plot is over-prominent in "Chitra," or that it is the intention of the present reviewer to extract a wholesome moral from that which is primarily a beautiful work of art. The discovery of spiritual meanings in every sentence which he pens, is a proceeding calculated to embitter the most sweet-tempered of poets; and, if prosecuted with sufficient vigor and tactlessness, it will end by obscuring the true merit

and character of his poems. Uncritical disciples of the "new mysticism," please note.

Now, "Chitra" is primarily a poem: from the point of view of Western criticism, more truly poem than play. There is in it much atmosphere, but little action; unless this term be held to apply to purely emotional and spiritual developments. The story is founded upon—or rather, arises out of—a legend in the Mahabharata; telling how Arjuna, wandering in fulfilment of a vow of penance, came to Manipur, and there fell in love with Chitrangada, only daughter of the King. She, because her father had no heir, had received a boy's education, and been treated in all ways as a son. Arjuna married her upon the understanding that, should they have a son, he should be regarded not as the descendant of his race, but as the perpetuator of the royal line of Manipur. He lived with Chitrangada for three years; and when their child was born, embraced her, and set out again upon his travels.

This rather dry tale has been used by Tagore in much the same way as Shakespeare used the older plays and stories upon which he founded his dramas: that is, as a point of departure rather than as a plot. Little of it survives in his poem, beyond the names of the characters and the Amazonian character of Chitra herself. She appears before us, asking of Madana, God of Love, and Vasanta, God of the Seasons, the gift of those feminine graces which her manly education has taken away. Upon one of her hunting excursions she has seen Arjuna, who is living as a hermit in the forest; she loves him and desires his love. When first he saw her, he thought her a boy. She returned to him in a woman's dress, and he rejected her.

"I hated my strong, lithe arm, scored by drawing the bow-string. O love, god love, thou hast laid low in the dust the vain pride of my manlike strength; and all my man's training lies crushed under thy feet. Now teach me thy lessons; give me the power of the weak, and the weapon of the unarmed hand."

The gods grant her prayer, and give to her for a year the gift of perfect beauty from "the inexhaustible stores of the spring." Thus disguised, Chitra appears to Arjuna, a flower-like creature, nameless and mysterious as the fairy love in some Celtic folk-tale; conquers without difficulty his senses, and even for a time holds his heart. But the fact that he loves, not her reality but her borrowed beauty, poisons for her even the first ecstasy of passion. She repents of her deception, and asks the gods to take back their boon. The wise Vasanta advises patience: love, he says, obeys the seasonal law. Arjuna now desires the flower of Chitra's beauty; but the time will come when he longs for the "abiding fruitful truth" of her real self.

We watch the gradual exhaustion of Arjuna's first rapture, the returning tide of his interest in that actual life, that world of duty and endeavor, with which the elusive loveliness of Chitra—made of "the tints of the clouds, the dance of the waves, the smell of the flowers"—has no relation.

"Give me something to clasp, something that can last longer than pleasure, that can endure even through suffering," he cries at last: and turns from his fairy love to dream of the open-air, hunting, active life, "the rude and healthy touch of the world"—above all, of the Princess Chitra, whom men praise as "a man in valor, a woman in tenderness."

The year passes, and Vasanta's prophecy is fulfilled. Illusion has prepared Arjuna for reality; for the exquisite flower, he now demands the fruit: "I grope for that ultimate you, that bare simplicity of truth." In the last scene, Chitra—her magical beauty gone—appears before him once more in her true form, "straight and strong as a daring heart," like a noble boy in her male dress; and says to him, in the most beautiful and significant passage of this beautiful play:—

"I brought from the garden of heaven flowers of incomparable beauty with which to worship you, god of my heart. . . . I am not beautifully perfect as the flowers with which I worshipped. I have many flaws and blemishes. I am a traveller in the great world-path, my garments are dirty, and my feet are bleeding with thorns. Where should I achieve flower-beauty, the unsullied loveliness of a moment's life? The gift that I proudly bring you is the heart of a woman. Here have all pains and joys gathered, the hopes, and fears, and shames of a daughter of the dust; here love springs up struggling towards immortal life. Herein lies an imperfection

which is yet noble and grand. If the flower-service is finished, my master, accept this as your servant for the days to come." And Arjuna; his education completed, replies to her:—

"Beloved, my life is full."

We have said little of the minor beauties of "Chitra," the innumerable touches by which its romantic atmosphere is evoked, the many felicities of expression. These are, perhaps, somewhat obscured by the translation, which does not appear to be Mr. Tagore's own work, and falls short of the lofty standard which he set in "Gitanjali." They are nevertheless sufficiently apparent to make it clear that their author is, above all things, a great poet, possessing the poet's imagination in a high degree; and that his genius is the genius of the true creator of beauty, not merely of the ethical or religious teacher deliberately giving to his doctrine a poetic form.

THE RESPLENDENT SOUTH.

"My Beloved South." By Mrs. T. P. O'CONNOR. (Putnam. 10s. 6d. net.)

Or the illimitable, brilliant, and alluring South, Mrs. O'Connor writes like the true-bred Southerner that she is. Its charm, infinitely varied, flows without effort through her pen, imparting glow, vivacity, and graciousness to a work that reflects not a little of the rich and diverse genius of the land. This is not in the very least like the book of a tourist. The author, revisiting her native South, is once again among her own people; and at every beautiful new stage of an endlessly enchanting pilgrimage she sees a face, a sky, a landscape, and hears voices, old songs, rivers, birds that summon memories of childhood. It is a book that the South itself should delight in, for surely the South has never been more tenderly and lovingly presented.

To a foreigner it seems a region almost entirely romantic. The hospitality is that of ancient Galway (in which, to be sure, were elements of Spain), lacking the Galwegian touch of barbarism. The sun and stars, the great rivers, the forests where the hunter still lives with nature, the incalculable spaces, the magnolia gardens, the plumage of birds, the vernal winters, the cities in which the lives of two continents and four opposing eras contrive to blend, the palmetto salad for which a whole tree must be destroyed, and the negro serving-man, who is Caruso and chamber-maid in one—this, at a glimpse, is just a little of the South; and at what other of the four cardinal points of the compass in any inhabited district of the planet shall we find its parallel?

Mrs. O'Connor's earlier memories, personal or transmitted, are of Florida and Texas; and on both she gossips charmingly; whether it be of "scarlet flamingoes quite tame on the banks of the little river at the bottom of the grounds," or of the quelling of an Indian conspiracy by an ancestor who was not afraid of chiefs. There was a great-grandfather who, losing a young wife he had doted on, lost thereby, from year to year, interest after interest, until he gradually declined into the local news-sheet on the verandah.

"He read the Richmond newspapers from beginning to end, and gave it to a small darkey standing in attendance. This boy ran round the house, and handed him back the same paper, which 'the good Major Duval' read all over again with reminiscent but deep satisfaction."

There was a grandfather who quitted home on a slender purse of sovereigns, wandered to and fro over the face of the South, and was translated into Governor of the Floridas.

"The new Governor kept open house. All the year carriages drove back and forth, and people came and went as if it had been a hotel. Christmas and Easter were different from other seasons only in more turkeys and game, larger cakes, more egg-nog, and greater quantities of punch.

"Three of my aunts and my mother were all celebrated beauties, my mother inheriting the Scotch hair, a dark auburn, and the deep blue eyes of her mother. My grandfather was always hospitable to the admirers of his daughters. They could spend the day, or even, if they felt inclined, several days, but at ten o'clock each night old Scipio, the negro butler, was required to see that the drawing-room was closed, and the piazzas cleared."

Coming to her impressions of the pilgrim travelling home again, Mrs. O'Connor marks the North off from the South in their respective notions of welcoming the visitor.

"It was said before the War that one letter of introduction to Charleston would give you twenty-five dinners, and

twenty-five letters in New York would give you one dinner. Dinners are, alas, more difficult to give in Charleston now, as the present-day negro does not approve of late hours; but the hearts of the people are as hospitable as ever.

"We arrived in that beautiful white city on Saturday, and I had no sooner delivered my letters of introduction than cards were left, accompanied by invitations (such a pretty, charming attention) to occupy various pews in St. Michael's, a quaint, interesting church of English architecture, very reminiscent of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, in London."

It is, as Mrs. O'Connor says, a pretty, charming, attention; and let it be hoped that the recipient accepts it always in the spirit in which it is bestowed. The attention smacks little of our own country; but elsewhere the author tells us that Charleston—albeit settled by an odd mixture of races, and not, like Virginia, by the Cavaliers—is "one of the most English places in America." The English,

"curiously enough, have left their impress here more clearly than anywhere else in America. The accent is a pretty, softened, musical English, the tastes of the people, the literature, the atmosphere, after all these centuries, are still English."

Mrs. O'Connor's pages leave with us the impression that Charleston is English of an older day and a more gracious style. It is English with delicate grafts of the South. We feel perfectly sure, for instance, that at the St. Cecilia balls of Charleston they do not dance the Tango. Apparently, you may still take "a dish of tea" in Charleston, for Mrs. O'Connor had one

"with Mrs. St. Julien Ravenel, the author of the delightful book, 'Charleston, the Place and the People,' and found that she was intimately conversant with English politics, literature, and present-day affairs. She subscribes to a number of English periodicals, pictorial magazines, and the 'Times,' and is as well up in the news of London as any lady living in one of the provincial towns of England."

Southward still, we journey to Savannah; and the winter climate grows ever more heavenly, and the feeding more finely confused. What would not Rabelais have given to be able to set one of these peerless Georgian dishes before Master Gaster, who, by comparison, seems to have dined but indifferent well on botargoes, young sea-ravens, cabretto pasties, bustards, dwarf herons, breasts of veal, stock doves, pigs with wine sauce, pickled griggs, Scotch collops, legs of mutton with shallots, marrow-bones and toast, household bread, turtles, frumenty, and bony-clabber—and the inimitable rest of the menu: "Eternal drink intermixed"? And what of this?—

"There was an ancient fashion in South Carolina and Georgia of serving an enormous turkey which, like a Chinese box, contained one after the other about six other birds, until it finished with a rice bird, small and delicate enough for even the little bones to be edible. The juices of all the different birds, basted in fresh butter, were supposed to be of unique and marvellous flavor."

This Gargantuan complexity of the Southern table seems not altogether to have passed, and Mrs. O'Connor thinks that Thackeray must have eaten of it. Had he done so, there had surely been something on record recalling the episode of the Bouillabaisse! We remember asking an old African traveller for a notion of the finest dishes he had shot and cooked for himself in the wilds, and he drew out a very strange and stimulating list. A bill less strange, but not less stimulating, might easily be compiled from Mrs. O'Connor, though in her glances at this subject there is much more of the artist in foods than of the eater of them. In New Orleans she remembered a dish called "Gumbo" (famous in that seductive city) which, as a child, she had tasted with her father "at a little café on Canal Street," returning from the theatre:—

"Gumbo is not, as many people suppose, a vegetable, but is a very thick soup, made from a combination of young boiled chicken and okra, flavored with a soupçon of garlic, and well seasoned with salt, pepper, and rich, fresh butter—an unforgettable delicacy. Thackeray found the name so amusing that he gave it to his negro in 'The Virginians'."

So much for vegetarianism!

A great part of the pleasure of the book is its discursiveness. A few notes of that haunting song, "'Way down upon de Swannee river," float to Mrs. O'Connor somewhere South one evening. She is reminded of Venice, and flashes on us a wonderful picture of Calvé singing this song to herself as she drifted by dark down the canal in her gondola.

"Her gondola was a little in advance of ours, and we told our boatman to follow it. For some moments the two

gondolas floated along in perfect silence; there was no one else in sight, and we were getting nearer the Lido. Suddenly the lady in the furs began to sing, 'Way Down Upon the Suwanee River,' with such a voice, such feeling, such sweet tenderness and longing, that the tears rushed to my eyes, and Renée seized me by the wrist and exclaimed, 'Why, it's Calvé!'

But now, as the book is still of the South, we shall send the reader back to the story of the crinolines, which will be found—in its place.

We close the book, as we opened it, with a definite sense of genius.

MR. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM'S REMINISCENCES.

"A Hatchment." By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM. (Duckworth. 6s.)

MR. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM's experiences sit upon him like a coat of many colors. It is a coat that has been dipped in African wells, in Scottish rivers, in South American seas, and in a multitude of fine, barbarous places. He delights, more than any other living writer of English perhaps, in the atmosphere of place. He goes in quest of place as other men in quest of gold. His books are, in the last analysis, books of travel, books of reminiscences of men and women who were largely the personifications of place. In the sketch after which the present volume is called, he shows himself unexpectedly under the spell even of the English country house. It is quite astonishing that an author so pugnacious and extreme in his speeches and writings in the press should be able to preserve so fine and humane an impartiality in his contributions to literature. The truth is, Mr. Cunningham Graham on the platform is an impatient idealist; Mr. Cunningham Graham in the study is, to a great extent, a patient realist. He has enjoyed life, however much he may have hated some of the conventions of life; and his imagination turns less eagerly to the construction of Utopias than to the reconstruction of old adventures. He loves, moreover, to rehearse not only his own adventures, but the adventures of his favorite peoples—marauding Highlandmen and wandering Red Indians. In the chapter called "Los Indios," he looks back with real affection to those days on the Southern Pampas when, unless you had a *pingo* "fit for God's saddle," you had little hope for your life if you met the Indians in full career. Mr. Cunningham Graham writes, no doubt, from the point of view of the men on the *pingo*. But his description of some of the barbarous customs of the Toldas of the Pampas decidedly belongs to the prose of relish:

"In time of war, they went about almost stark naked, save for a breech-clout, and generally the hat was, as it is to Arabs, the stumbling-block, the Indians preferring to have their long black locks well dressed with mare's grease or ostrich oil as a protection from the sun. Their carelessness of life and their contempt of death exceeded that even of their first cousins and deadly enemies, the Gauchos, of whom it is said that one of them, coming to see his friend, found him in the agonies of rheumatic fever, and after having looked at him compassionately, said, 'Poor fellow, how he suffers,' and drawing out his knife, took the sufferer by the beard and cut his throat. Cutting of throats was a subject of much joking, both amongst Gauchos and the Indians. Amongst the former it was called to 'do the holy office,' and a coward was said to be mean about his throat if at the last he showed the slightest fear. The agonies and struggles of a dying man were summed up briefly: 'He put out his tongue when I began to play the violin' (i.e., with the knife), phrases and actions which had their counterpart or origin amongst the Indians."

Then comes a sentence that makes all this recalling of the old bloody ways of the Indians curiously personal:

"I who write this have seen the Indian children playing carnival, with hearts of sheep and calves for scent-bottles, squirting out blood on one another in the most natural way."

Mr. Cunningham Graham, of course, appreciates the wild kind of life, not because it is bloody, but because it is dangerous. Has he not caught the very breath of danger in the sketch entitled "El Rodeo," in which he describes the reckless Pampa horsemen as they used to "round-up" the cattle in an open space amid the tall grass till the morning dew had disappeared? He gives us a marvellous description of a stampede of cattle which took place one day on an *estancia*, called "El Calá," and conjures up the picture for

us of "a semi-Indian rushing down a slope to head the cattle off":—

"His horse was a dark dun, with eyes of fire, a black stripe down the middle of his back, and curious black markings on the hocks. His tail floated out in the wind, and helped him in his turnings, just as a steering oar deflects a whaleboat's prow. The brand was a small 's' inside a shield. I saw it as they passed. Down the steep slope they thundered, the Indian's hair rising and falling at each spring that the black dun made in his course. His great iron spurs hung off his heels, and all his silver gear, the reines, the passadore of the stirrups, the chapero and fiaor, and the great spurs themselves, jingled and clinked as he tore on to head the living maelstrom of stampeding beasts. Suddenly his horse, although sure-footed, keen, and practised at the work, stepped in a hole and turned a somersault. He fell, just as a stone from the nippers of a crane, and his wild rider, opening his legs, lit on his feet so truly that his great iron spurs clanked on the ground like fetters, as he stood holding the halter in his hand. As his horse bounded to his feet, his rider, throwing down his head and tucking his left elbow well into his side, sprang at a bound upon his back and galloped on, so rapidly that it appeared I had been dreaming, and only have woken up, thirty years after, to make sure of my dream."

The more one reads of Mr. Cunningham Graham's sketches, the more clearly one perceives that, whatever may be his politics, in literature at least he is something of a Conservative and a confirmed praiser of the good old days. What a world of regret is contained in a sentence like the following from his chapter on Buenos Aires before it had achieved greatness as a city!

"It was expedient not to sit reading late at night at Clavas's, for it might happen that a gentle shepherd, coming back after an evening spent in merriment, might try to shoot your candle out, a thing that has happened at least once or twice to the writer of these lines."

We have hinted that, for a revolutionary, Mr. Cunningham Graham is strangely unburdened with a Utopia. But, on reading sentences like that, we realize that he has a Utopia of his own—a Utopia of fine risks; a Utopia of the past, when:—

"I used to ride along the streets of old Buenos Aires, generally upon a little *doradillo* that I had, with the great silver spurs just hanging off my heels, when I rode up to Clavas's Hotel, after delivering a troop of cattle at the *saladere*, on the outskirts of the town."

There you have both person and place suggested to perfection. One knows that horseman of the silver spurs, riding along the street of the foreign town, as one knows one's heroes in history. One feels that something of the vivid gorgeousness of the Renaissance still survives in a world where Mr. Cunningham Graham only yesterday went riding through the streets, "generally upon a little *doradillo*," and knocking upon the door of Clavas's Hotel as at some looming castle. No other writer, we believe, could have used the word "*doradillo*" in the same fine way as coin of romance. The present writer has not the slightest idea—he can only guess—what a *doradillo* is; but his heart gives a genuine leap of delight to know that it was generally on a *doradillo* that Mr. Cunningham Graham rode along the streets of Buenos Aires. A realist we have called our author. Yes; he is a realist. But he is a realist of romance, a realist of the world in which men ride on *doradillos*.

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The present work on “Waves of Sand and Snow” is a companion volume of Dr. Cornish’s book on “Waves of the Sea and other Water Waves.” It is a record of what the author has added to previous knowledge by his own observations, which were commenced eighteen years ago. In almost all cases the author photographed the phenomena which he observed, and the illustrations are the most extensive and complete which have yet been published.

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are the whole adventures of Paul Jones; in the service now of America, now of France, now of Russia; a very full and strenuous and valiant career from any point of view. His genius is not to be denied; his character gets the rehabilitation that was owing to it. John Paul Jones comes tardily but absolutely into his own. Was he vainglorious, as "nearly every student-historian of his character" declares him to have been? No, insists Mrs. de Koven; but he loved glory, as Nelson did; "loved it openly, unblushingly, seeking it at the cannon's mouth." When he thought that he was overpraised, he said so. He was somewhat loud in complaints against injustice; but injustice was a thing he had been made but too familiar with. "The irritability which he sometimes exhibited towards his subordinates was not an habitual trait, as is most clearly shown in the testimonial of Colonel Weibert. The crews of the 'Alfred' and 'Providence' adored him, as did the Russian seamen on the Black Sea. His French colleagues on the 'Bon-Homme Richard' admired and esteemed him; and Richard Dale, according to Cooper, loved and regretted him to his latest breath."

His great reputation, says his present biographer, was won by the sum of his possibilities rather than by accomplishment. "His engagement with the 'Serapis' remains a standard of comparison with all frigate duels in the history of naval warfare." He heightened the efficiency of every ship he ever sailed, and in action he never knew defeat. "In the traits which characterize the ideal naval officer he resembled Nelson, who was, like Jones, quick to resent an affront and as quick to forgive. In the rapture of the strife he was, like Nelson, gay in demeanor and ideal in command. In idleness he was taciturn, falling, like Nelson, into uncontrollable discomfort and ill-health." It was Paul who said: "I may not win success, but I will endeavor to deserve it." The logic of dates forbids us to call him the Father of the American Navy, but "he was the most conspicuous factor in its evolution." "The inspiring genius of the service, he not only excelled all the other officers of that day by his victories in both American and European waters, but also by virtue of the invaluable experience and practical thought which he brought to bear upon the problems of its organization." Poor Paul Jones's ambitions and his possibilities of greater usefulness were buried together in an untimely grave; but he was certainly pre-eminent among all the early defenders of America; and a Government, grateful at last, could honestly say of him: "He hath made the flagg of America respected among the flaggs of other nations."

A VARIEGATED PATTERN.

"Chance." By JOSEPH CONRAD. (Methuen. 6s.)

"CHANCE," though not one of Mr. Conrad's most powerful novels, is very characteristic of his genius for spinning an exquisite, artistic web out of stray bits of experience, odds-and-ends of common, flimsy material, daily oddments and accidents of life, which harmonize under his hands like the colors of an old Oriental carpet. And the design or intellectual pattern which runs through the story—i.e., the infinite permutations out of which chance relations weave people's destinies—is one specially in keeping with the author's gift of philosophic irony. As always with Mr. Conrad's art, it is much less the particular figures of his drama that count than the light that plays on them, and the secret of his power lies in his scheme of human valuations, calling into play the infinite variety of shades and tones that we find, say, in a great stretch of landscape. One may be disappointed occasionally in the speech and gestures of his characters, even in the spontaneity of their thought, but never in the marvellously rich chiaroscuro and poetic magic of the whole picture of life.

The penetrating justness of Mr. Conrad's ironic insight and the breadth of his vision were never more necessary and rarely more triumphant than in "Chance," where he sardonically brings together on his stage as heterogeneous a collection of types as might be culled in any metropolitan hotel. His method of telling his story through the mouths of three or four people, intermittently assisting in the drama, who unbosom themselves to a chief inquisitor, Marlow, is exceedingly artful, though occasionally a trifle

artificial. But the total effect of this method is so fine in its subtle, variegated pattern as to dominate the imagination. The story opens with a chance encounter between Marlow, the retired skipper, and Mr. Powell, a fellow yachtsman, formerly second officer on the "Ferndale," the late Captain Anthony's ship. The name "Ferndale" leads to the coupling of the two ends of the story. Mr. Marlow holds fast in his memory all the shore-links, so to say, while Mr. Powell is privileged by Fate to unreal all the later sea-links for our delectation. This dovetailing or splicing of the complementary parts of the narrative is most cunningly managed, helping to establish the illusion of the finger of chance having flung the pawns on the board. An important intermediary in the drama is Mrs. Fyne and her husband, little Fyne, "a good little man in the Civil Service," who is Captain Anthony's brother-in-law. Mr. Conrad's philosophic derision of all theorists is disclosed in his scathing treatment of the respectable Fynes. Perhaps he over-emphasizes by a shade his ironical derision which plays like sheet lightning round the heads of these self-complacent people, "common-place, earnest, without smiles and without guile." Perhaps, in Marlow's dislike of feminism, the author's shadow is projected too obtrusively on the curtain; but, anyway, in the portraits of the Fynes, the middle-class mediocre target is riddled with shafts barbed with malicious wit.

Through the Fynes' embarrassed confidences to Marlow, we come into touch with the tragic figure of the story—the unfortunate girl, Flora De Barral, the daughter of the "preposterous" financier, De Barral, of the Orb Bank and Sceptre Trust. It is here, especially, that the magic of Mr. Conrad's vision shows like sunlight lighting up derelict scraps of glass or tin. Strictly speaking, there is nothing in De Barral's personality but an Idea in a frock coat and a tall hat; he himself is a mental vacuum, a mere personal slit, lettered "Thrift," into which the imbecile public pour the savings of a lifetime. The story of his rise from clerk to financier, and the sudden, appalling crash of the top-heavy edifice of the Orb and Sceptre Trust, has, of course, its counterparts in history; but our author has simplified the type of plausible thimble-rigger into a mere shadow, soon to be cast in bankrupt outline on court-house and prison walls. But De Barral serves the artist's purpose of a background throwing up his unhappy child's figure of tragedy. Here, again, the critic, admiring, asks himself whether Flora possesses any individual character. For she lives and moves as an embodiment of girlish misery, a poignant feminine spirit of tender youth, deceived, humiliated, and abandoned by the sinister conjunction of evil forces and a sniggering, indifferent world. Flora, in truth, lacks those characteristic traits which might distinguish her from thousands of unfortunate girls; but the author's instinct has not failed him in veiling her lineaments behind a mask of frozen suffering. Abandoned in the hour of the crash by the "designing, horrid people," her mercenary governess, and "the graceless scamp," Charles, who had been scheming to marry her for her money, after a scene of venomous vituperation, poor Flora takes refuge with the good-hearted Fynes. Her bankrupt father soon consigns her to the care of the family of a cousin, a respectable East-end manufacturer, a calculating vulgarian, who "possessed all the civic virtues in their very meanest form." But the insolent insults of these odious relatives, eager to be rid of the "wild-eyed, white-faced girl" when they find that not a penny-piece is left of De Barral's fortune, flay the unhappy Flora alive, and they cast her off again. Through similar vicissitudes, with successive "protectors," mostly self-seeking or ignoble, is poor Flora dragged by fate, and one can scarcely admire enough the artistic dexterity with which Mr. Conrad intensifies the sombre elements of a tragedy that is only arrested when Captain Anthony appears on the scene. Captain Anthony's arrival at the house of his sister, Mrs. Fyne, while he is ashore for a spell after a long voyage, saves the distraught girl from suicide. Her pitiable state and her secret charm fire the seaman's imagination, and he and we and the corps of narrators, at the close of Part I., are now face to face with the situation first hinted at—viz., that the estimable Fynes are up in arms against the romantic match!

In the foregoing résumé we have indicated the tortuous windings of the cunning narrative. But critics more

THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION.

SUCCESS OF "THE ALABONE" TREATMENT.

DURING the last twelve months methods for the cure of consumption have been placed more prominently before the public than in any previous epoch of the world's history. More especially has this been so in the case of sanatoria; but, unfortunately, statistics which have been put forward by these institutions purposely to show their curative value have, on analysis by the most distinguished men, been declared erroneous and misleading.

There is, however, a book which is full of most valuable information on the subject. At the same time it offers the chance of cure to those who suffer from this disease. It is entitled "The Cure of Consumption," and is in its 47th edition, and was written by Dr. E. W. Alabone, of Highbury Quadrant, London, N., who for more than 40 years made a speciality of the treatment of this malady, and probably had more patients through his hands than any other living physician. His system, known all over the world as the "Alabone Treatment," has restored to perfect health some thousands of sufferers, a very large percentage of whom had been given up as hopeless cases by our leading chest specialists, while others had been sent home from sanatoria to die.

There can be no manner of doubt as to the *bona-fides* of these cases, seeing that they are attested to by many well-known physicians, divines, and men of the highest standing in the world of literature and art. Moreover, a considerable number of cures reported are those of medical men themselves, who had been compelled to relinquish their practice, but who, after adopting this treatment, were enabled to resume their work, a permanent cure having been effected.

The same can be said of the legal and other professions. The late Bishop of Gloucester, Dr. Parker, and many others, were strong supporters of Dr. Alabone's method, and did all they could to get it universally adopted. Many other clergymen hold a similar view, their experience among their parishioners having proved its efficacy in case after case.

There is nothing more convincing in a case of this kind than giving chapter and verse, details of actual cases, in which a victim of consumption has been restored to perfect health.

TRIBUTES FROM DOCTORS.

No evidence will carry more weight than that of doctors who have adopted the treatment, and who have given spontaneous tributes to its wonderful effects. From an immense number of letters from physicians the following may be quoted:—

SIR,—It is my honest opinion that no treatment—open air, medicinal, dietetic, or otherwise—is comparable to the inhalation treatment adopted by Dr. Alabone for the actual cure of consumption. I speak from experience in cases coming under my observation; and, for the sake of suffering humanity, I do think it a very great pity that Dr. Alabone's method does not find its way into all our hospitals and sanatoria where consumption is made a speciality.—Yours faithfully,

—, M.D., L.R.C.P., &c.

Whilst Dr. L—, M.R.C.S., Eng., states:—

It having been my good fortune to meet several patients of Dr. Alabone's, I feel bound to add my testimony as to the success of his treatment, having proved it by personal observation of the changes effected in their appearance, and their gratifying statements made by their own free will. I have seen cases pronounced "utterly incurable" by the highest chest

specialists quite recover. I therefore feel it a duty to write, expressing my gratification and surprise at their recovery.

Sir,—I have some thirty patients in all stages of phthisis undergoing Dr. Alabone's treatment—some very bad, so that I should not be surprised if I had lost one or two, but at present I have lost none. The improvement in them is most marked and surprising. I do not think there is any doubt of the efficacy of his treatment in stopping the advancement of the disease. It has in my hands been very successful in many cases.—I am, yours faithfully,

W. F. —, M.D., L.R.C.P.,
L.M.Edin.

It is satisfactory to be able to record the fact that a considerable number of physicians have adopted this treatment with their patients, and have obtained from it the most satisfactory results—results, we venture to affirm, which have been attained by no other system known. Boards of Guardians are also discussing the advisability of introducing it into their infirmaries, many having witnessed its extraordinary success with members of their own families.

NURSES' EXPERIENCES.

Nurses at Sanatoria and Hospitals who were stricken down by Phthisis, and who, after undergoing open-air treatment, were pronounced incurable, have been cured, and resumed their usual avocations. One of many such writes:—

I consider the open-air treatment a cruel and wicked experiment. It has been permitted long enough to prove unsatisfactory results. My experience in one of our largest and most popular sanatoria was very sad. Many went in very slight cases, but they got worse, as I did myself. Many got bronchitis and pleurisy added to their lung disease. A doctor told me last October a little more of such treatment would have killed me. I was a wreck when I commenced Dr. Alabone's treatment in November. I weighed 8 st. 1 lb., but I made wonderful progress, and now I have regained my normal weight, 10 st. 8 lb. Thanks to Dr. Alabone, I am able to return to my work. In a consumptive hospital, where I was for fourteen weeks getting worse, I used to hear the patients say how they wished they could avail themselves of Dr. Alabone's remedies.

"JUSTICA."

Pages could be filled with similar letters, but these must convince the most sceptical that the statements brought forward are undeniably genuine. Those who have any interest in the matter are recommended to procure a copy of Dr. Alabone's work, "The Cure of Consumption," and, after reading it, judge for themselves as to its value. They may, however, be perfectly sure that in placing themselves under this treatment they will be adopting the best chance of cure that can at present be offered.

"The Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and Other Diseases of the Chest," by Edwin W. Alabone, M.D. Phil., D.Ss., ex-M.R.C.S. Eng., illustrated by numerous cases pronounced "incurable" by the most eminent physicians, now in its 47th edition, 171st thousand, can be obtained for 2s. 6d., post free, from Lynton House, Highbury Quadrant, London, N. Other works by the same author are: "Testimonies of Patients," price 1s., and "Facts Regarding the Open-Air Treatment," price 1s.

(or less) unscrupulous might do well to decline to follow the twists and loops of its consummate doublings. The tale is a masterpiece of indirect narrative, picked up here and handed on there by Marlow, Mr. Powell, the second officer, or others of Captain Anthony's satellites on board the good ship "Ferndale." For the marriage does indeed take place between the captain and the unhappy victim of Chance. But before it is consummated, and before the ship sails on her new voyage, we assist at some East-End scenes, while the ship is lying in dock. In our opinion, these scenes are the best in the book, done with that intimacy of vision and dexterity of craftsmanship, of which Mr. Conrad is past-master. Not so good, not nearly so good, is our last glimpse of little Mr. Fyne, whose outburst against his escaping *protégé*, as against Captain Anthony's "abominable selfishness" is—well, unnatural. It is curious to note how often the weakest link in the chain of a story is forged with a knowing purpose, and the flaw in "Chance" is the deliberate engineering of the lovers' sustained tragic misunderstanding on their honeymoon voyage. In the conversations at cross-purposes which lead to this situation, due in part to Captain Anthony's over-sensitive chivalry (see pp. 299-312), there is a lack of reality; and it is the same with much of the conversation (see pp. 324-7) between Flora and her father, the released convict, De Barral, when she carries him away from the prison gate to her husband's ship. For the chivalrous Captain Anthony has offered to provide a home for the broken old man, whose term is up just before the ship sails. When the voyage is begun, the situation of Captain Anthony's "sublimely stupid" self-renunciation is sustained with all the resources of Mr. Conrad's art, and we are held under his spell till the magnificent scene of tragic terror (pp. 370-385) cuts the knot of the threatened tragedy. We will not spoil the reader's enjoyment by hinting at the psychological conflict here disclosed. It focusses and brings to a close the shifting menaces of this tragedy of chances with incomparable skill. But the author's achievement, we must repeat, lies in the magical atmospheric lighting of the whole human landscape. All the instruments of poetic insight, from irony to tragic terror, are used in turn in "Chance" by the artist who is at his highest not when the characters speak, but when he is conjuring up the mirage of their lives in the glass of men's passions.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"A Father in God: The Episcopate of William West Jones, D.D., Archbishop of Capetown." By M. E. H. WOOD. (Macmillan. 18s. net.)

DR. WEST JONES was Archbishop of Capetown from 1874 to 1908, succeeding Dr. Gray, whose name is associated with the trial for heresy of Dr. Colenso. Dr. Jones's thirty-four years in South Africa witnessed many changes in the Church, but this lengthy biography gives more attention to trivial details than to larger questions of Church policy. The reception, for example, of the Ethiopian Order into the Church, and the controversies that followed, receive quite insufficient notice. It is evident that such difficulties as those which came into notice at the Kikuyu Conference are inherent in South African conditions. In regard to these Dr. Jones seems to have taken the ordinary Anglican attitude, declining, as his biographer puts it, "to associate himself with any movement by which true Church principles would be obscured"; or, in other words, approaching South African problems with the somewhat contracted view of a moderate High Churchman in England. A narrow Anglican theory is ill-suited to the special needs of our Colonial Churches. Mr. Wood describes the effect of the Boer War on Church work, and he gives details of the expansion of the Church in South Africa during Dr. Jones's episcopate.

* * *

"The French Revolution: From the Age of Louis XIV. to the Coming of Napoleon." By HAROLD F. B. WHEELER. (Jack. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. WHEELER's aim has been "to tell the story of the French Revolution in a simple and straightforward way for those readers who do not profess an intimate knowledge of that great upheaval." In this he has been distinctly

successful. His book consists of thirty-two chapters, the first thirteen of which are concerned with events that preceded the meeting of the States-General. This preliminary examination of the events that led up to the catastrophe is somewhat out of proportion in a book of this size. It is true that Louis Blanc began his "History" with an account of John Hus, but upon this principle there is no backward limit that might be set, and we think Mr. Wheeler's book would have gained in cohesion if much of this preliminary matter had been omitted. The actual outbreak is well described, and from the fall of the Bastille down to the events of the 19th of Brumaire, Mr. Wheeler's narrative never flags. He makes good use of extracts from the classical memoirs of the period, and he writes with life and movement. A number of carefully chosen illustrations adds to the value of the book, which is one of the best recent histories of the French Revolution intended for general readers.

* * *

"Rome of the Pilgrims and the Martyrs." By ETHEL ROSS BARKER. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE sub-title of Miss Barker's book is "a study in the martyrologies, itineraries, sylloges, and other contemporary documents," and the author's purpose is "to supply the need of a connected history of all these documents; to show their relation one to the other; and to collate the typographical information on the martyrs' shrines which is contained in them all, and forms a link between them." The introductory chapters give descriptions from contemporary sources of some of the pilgrimages to Rome in the early ages, and the whole book is a most useful work of reference on the topography of Rome. Miss Barker presents the results of the latest researches of the great scholars—Duchesne, De Rossi, Harnack, Delehaye, Leclercq, and others—who have dealt with the subject in a spirit of historical criticism, and by this means enables the general reader to see what the specialists have done and to profit by their discoveries. She has also printed a number of translations of the original documents, and she appends a good bibliography. We are here unable to do more than indicate the scope and object of this learned and laborious work. It is absolutely indispensable to students of the Rome of the early Christians, and it will be of the highest value to visitors who wish to know something of its history during the first Christian centuries.

* * *

"Shakespeare to Shaw." By CECIL F. ARMSTRONG. (Mills & Boon. 6s.)

THIS book combines exuberance with a certain commonsensibility that should commend it to the average man interested in the drama. The dramatic authors dealt with are Shakespeare, Congreve, Sheridan, Tom Robertson, Sir Arthur Pinero, and Mr. Bernard Shaw; and it says much for Mr. Armstrong's catholicity as a critic that he can write with appreciativeness of every one of them. He has clearly grasped the significance of Mr. Shaw and his disciples; at the same time, he is not so blind a worshipper of the modern cult as to be incapable of realizing that the older writers were good for something. It is perhaps not surprising that he finds nothing new to say of Shakespeare. But he has collated facts carefully, and expresses certain widely held opinions with wit and point. Witness his parallel to the case of those who uphold the elaborate *mise-en-scène* in the latter-day representation of the plays: "Some churches attract large congregations by their exquisite music, who go home after the service at peace with themselves and the world because they have just been to church, when they have really only been to a concert." The essay on Congreve evidences perhaps the least sympathy of any; though admitting the man was a great artist, he finds him equally a great snob. A useful introductory chapter gives us a good glimpse of the English dramatic authors from the Shakespeare group to the present day.

* * *

"The Game Fishes of the World." By CHARLES F. HOLDER. (Hodder & Stoughton. 20s. net.)

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and trout to the bonito shark and the barracuda, and from the angling streams of Great Britain and the Riviera to the Pacific Coast and the Scandinavian Peninsula. Needless to say, therefore, the book is a mine of information for anglers. Dr. Holder has supplemented his own wide experience by a study of what has been written by other fishermen, consulting, as he says, "many different volumes, pamphlets, reports, and monographs, found only in widely separated libraries." He concludes with a chapter on some famous angling clubs, and two appendixes, one giving suggestions for an angling tour starting from England, and the other containing a list of angling books of reference. The volume is the first to give an up-to-date account of the game fishes of the world, and it is likely to be of very great value to anglers.

The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning.	Price Friday morning.	
	January 16.	January 23.	
Consols	71½	74	
Midland Deferred	73½	74½	
Mexican Railway Ordinary	33	37½	
Chinese 5 p.c., 1898	100	101	
Union Pacific	163½	165½	
Turkish Unified	85	85	
Brazilian 4 p.c., 1889	73	74½	

THIS week the Stock Exchange began to boom. Investors have at last come to the conclusion that gilt-edged securities and home industrials and home railways are at a low level, and that purchases made now are almost certain to look well in a year or two. As there is plenty of new money to back the idea with, stocks have boomed merrily under the lead of Consols, which have actually risen three points since the end of last year. Brokers complain that of the stocks the public really wants there is really very little in the market. Hence the new issues, many of which were at a discount have gone to a premium. The movement has, of course, been accelerated by the fall in money and discount rates, and by the extraordinary strength of the Bank return, accompanied as it was on Thursday by a reduction of the Bank rate to 4 per cent. Many now anticipate that there will be a further reduction to 3½ per cent. before long. The question is whether this upward movement will not be checked by the flood of new issues, and also by the steady liquidation from Paris, whose bankers and Bourse operators are in a very uncomfortable position. For many weeks past, Paris has been selling good securities to London, in order, it is supposed, to provide funds for maintaining the credit of Turkey, Greece, Servia, and Bulgaria. The miserable condition of the last-named Government may be judged from the statement of a Paris correspondent that, after borrowing at 8 per cent. in Paris, Bulgaria has been compelled to contract a floating debt in Austria at 16 per cent. But what weighs most heavily on the Paris Bourse, we are told, has been the collapse of banking and other securities in Mexico. It is to be hoped that the pacification talked of will really be effective; but people in the City are not very hopeful, though the Stock Exchange is speculating in Mexican stocks.

NEW ISSUE PRICES.

The sudden recovery in practically all investment markets this week, and, more particularly, in the Gilt-edged Market, where Consols rose nearly 2 points in a week, has been of especial benefit to the prices of those of the recently

issued stocks which were really high-class, but were looked at askance because of the dearness of money. Investors who had the courage to subscribe for them on prospectus terms, or to buy them slightly below issue-prices when the allotments were out, may now congratulate themselves on having had to wait so short a time before seeing their confidence justified. The extent of the advances may be seen from the following summary:—

	Issue	Price	Price	Price
	Price. Jan. 8.	Jan. 13.	Jan. 22.	
*Canadian Dominion 4%	97 1/2	100	102	2½ prem.
*New South Wales 4%	96 1/2	100	102	2 prem.
New Zealand Con. Debts.	98 1/2	100	102	2 prem.
*Sierra Leone 4%	97	100	102	2 prem.
Toronto 4½% Debts.	97 1/2	100	102	2 prem.
Montreal 4½%	98 1/2	100	102	2 prem.
Grand Trunk Pacific Notes (5%)	97	100	102	2½ prem.

The three stocks indicated by an asterisk are Trustee securities, and these have improved nearly 2 points apiece upon their quotations of a fortnight ago. Brokers reported that the upward movement in gilt-edged stocks had been accompanied by a commensurate amount of real business, much of it coming from the Continent. The rise continued, however, after the investment demand had been satisfied, and there is no doubt that dealers put prices higher partly because the supply of stock at the low prices had run short, and partly in anticipation of a renewal of the demand from the public, which did not appear. Quotations have already slipped back a trifle from the highest points touched during the week, and it is not improbable that there may be a further temporary recession, for it may be that the Stock Exchange, as usual, has been somewhat too hasty in discounting easy money prospects. At the moment money looks very easy, but there is an enormous amount of new borrowing to come. But though the ability to take a profit of about 2 points on a stock purchased about a fortnight ago may look tempting, the investor would be unwise to take it in the case of any high-class stocks he may have purchased lately. As permanent investments, these stocks are still very cheap, and should be kept. The habit, too, of jobbing in and out of investment securities is a very bad one for the investor to acquire.

THE CITY AND MIDLAND'S CAPITAL.

The London City and Midland Bank, whose annual profits, recently published, made a very fine exhibition, even allowing for the fact that they included the profits of two small provincial banks absorbed last year, has announced its intention of splitting its shares into smaller denominations. There is no doubt that dealings in shares with a very high unit of value restricts business in them, and the movement is one which is popular with the investor. There are many securities on the Stock Exchange in which the minimum amount ever dealt in is five shares, and in some instances an extra charge is made for dealing in so small a number as this. Now, London City and Midland shares stand at £48, so that a buyer of only five shares has to invest about £240 of capital, and as the shares are nominally £60, with only £12 10s. paid up, this £240 carries a liability in respect of uncalled capital of £237 10s. Banks are not anxious to encourage the very small investor, and they generally require certain formalities to be complied with, in order to ensure that shares shall not be held by undesirable persons; but there is no doubt that the proposal of the City and Midland to divide each £60 share into five shares of £12, with £2 10s. paid up, will find favor with its shareholders and with the Stock Exchange.

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LIABILITIES AND ASSETS, 31st December, 1913.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
To Capital Paid up, viz.: £12 10s. per Share on 347,892 Shares of £60 each ...	4,348,650 0 0	By Cash and Bullion in hand and Cash at Bank of England ...	17,241,278 16 3
„ Reserve Fund ...	3,700,000 0 0	„ Money at Call and at Short Notice ...	11,946,769 6 1
„ Dividend payable on 2nd February, 1914 ...	391,378 10 0		29,188,048 2 4
„ Balance of Profit and Loss Account ...	147,992 18 8		
	8,588,021 8 8	„ INVESTMENTS:	3,246,713 11 3
„ Current, Deposit and other Accounts ...	93,633,580 4 9	„ Consols and other British Government Securities ...	4,578,178 8 6
„ Acceptances on account of Customers ...	6,162,611 13 10	„ Stocks Guaranteed by British Government, Indian and British Railway Debenture and Preference Stocks, British Corporation Stocks, Colonial and Foreign Government Stocks, etc. ...	11,790,640 18 0
	£108,584,213 7 3	„ Bills of Exchange ...	48,803,581 0 1
		„ Advances on Current Accounts, Loans on Security, and other Accounts ...	51,309,563 10 7
		„ Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances as per contra ...	6,162,611 13 10
		„ Bank Premises at Head Office and Branches ...	2,308,457 2 9
			£108,584,213 7 3

EDWARD H. HOLDEN, CHAIRMAN AND MANAGING DIRECTOR.
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REPORT OF THE AUDITORS TO THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE LONDON CITY AND MIDLAND BANK LIMITED.

In accordance with the provisions of Sub-section 2 of Section 113 of the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908, we report as follows:—

We have examined the above Balance Sheet in detail with the Books at Head Office and with the certified Returns from the Branches. We have satisfied ourselves as to the correctness of the Cash Balances and the Bills of Exchange and have verified the correctness of the Money at Call and Short Notice. We have also verified the Securities representing the Investments of the Bank, and having obtained all the information and explanations we have required, we are of opinion that such Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the Company.

WHINNEY, SMITH & WHINNEY, CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS,
Auditors.

LONDON, 8th January, 1914.

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R. W. WHALLEY, Director and General Manager.
Bartholomew Lane, E.C., 22nd January, 1914.

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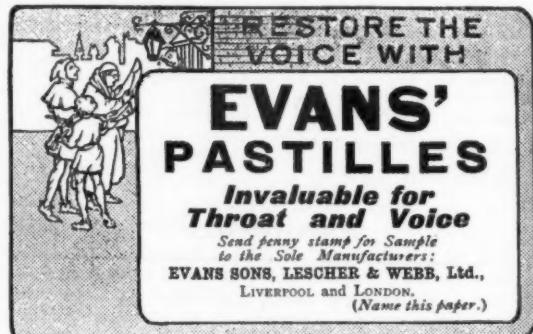
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